

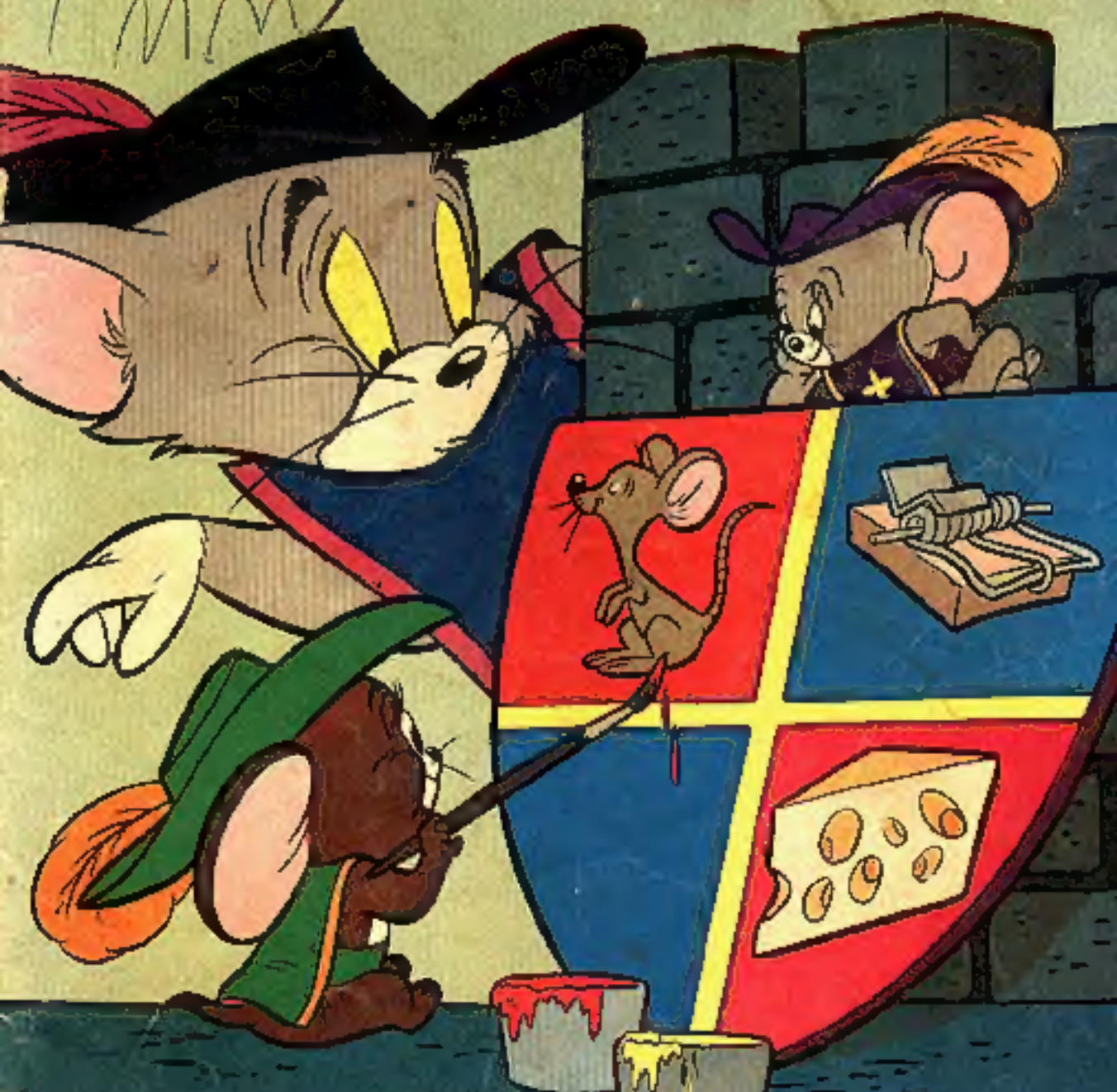
DELL

JULY-SEPT.

10¢

MGM'S

MOUSE MUSKETEERS

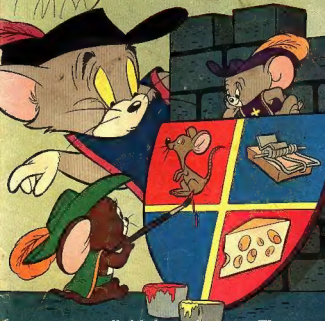


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MGM'S

MOUSE MUSKETEERS

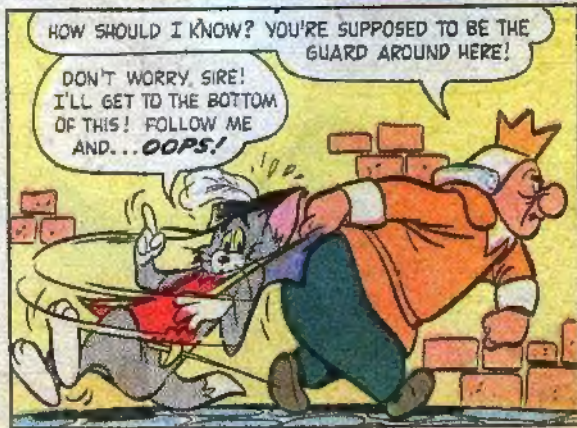
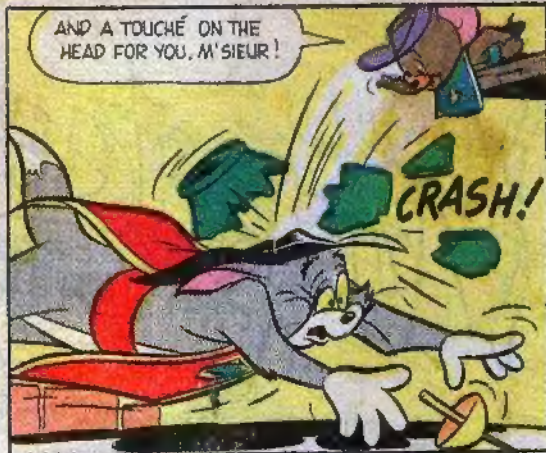


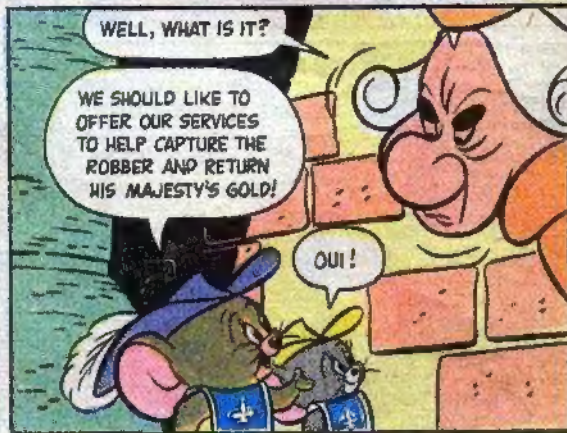
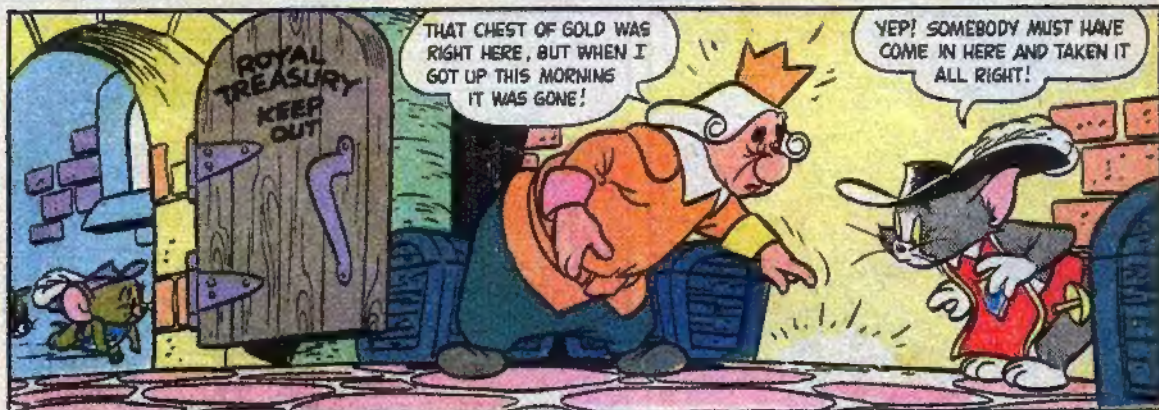
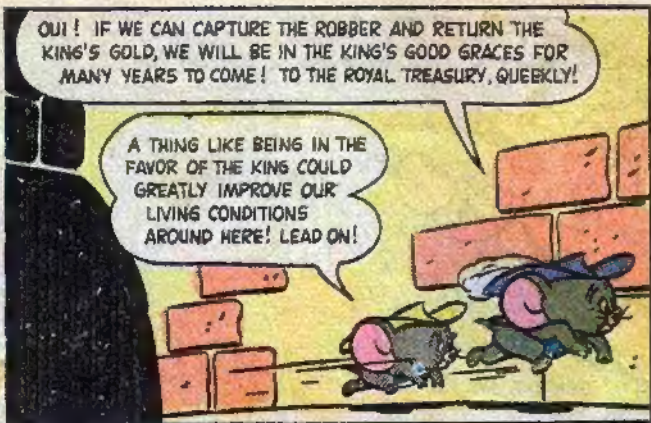
Mouse Musketeers

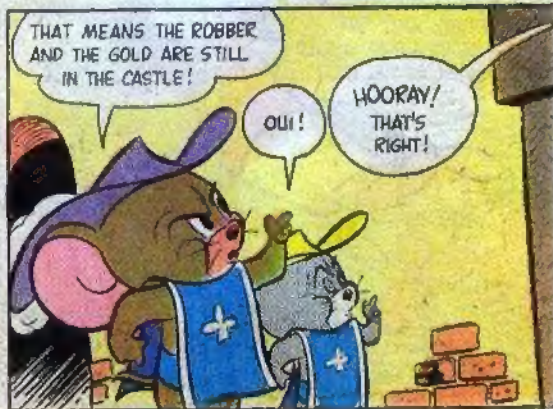
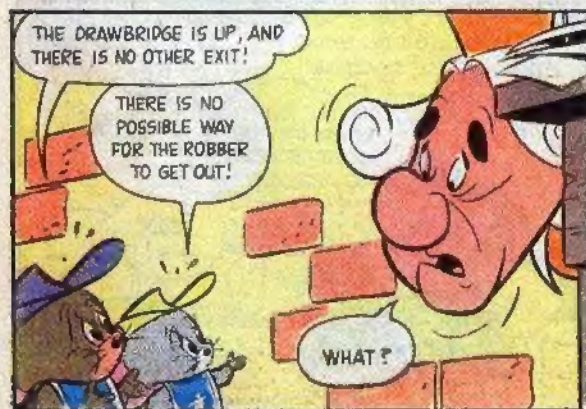
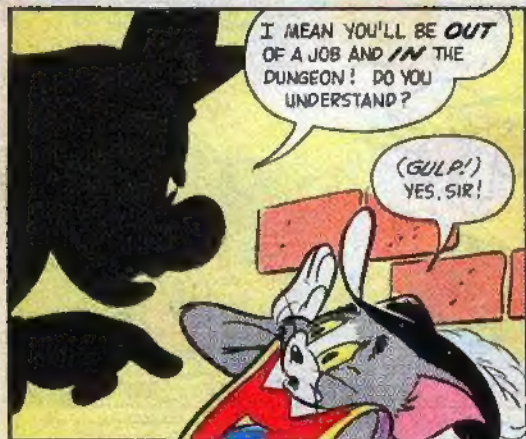
The ROYAL ROBBER

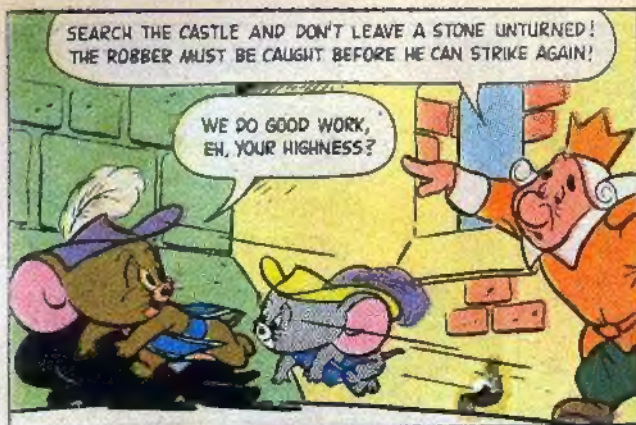
in











SEARCH THE CASTLE AND DON'T LEAVE A STONE UNTURNED! THE ROBBER MUST BE CAUGHT BEFORE HE CAN STRIKE AGAIN!

WE DO GOOD WORK, EN, YOUR HIGHNESS?



(YAWN!) ALL OF THIS WORRY ABOUT MY MONEY HAS ME WORN OUT! I THINK I'LL LIE DOWN AND TAKE A SNOOZE!



SHORTLY...

THERE IS NO ONE HIDING UNDER THE RUG!

AND NO ONE IN HERE!



AND JUST WHAT DO YOU TWO CHEESE HOUNDS THINK YOU'RE DOING?

WE ARE LOOKING FOR THE ROBBER WHO TOOK THE KING'S GOLD!

NOT UP THERE!



YOU'RE KIDDING!

NO! WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT HE AND THE GOLD ARE STILL IN THE CASTLE!



HAHAHAHA! THAT'S THE SILLIEST THING I EVER HEARD! WHY, THAT ROBBER IS PROBABLY A HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE RIGHT NOW!



AWK! LOOK!

(GASP!) THE ROBBER HAS **STRUCK AGAIN!**



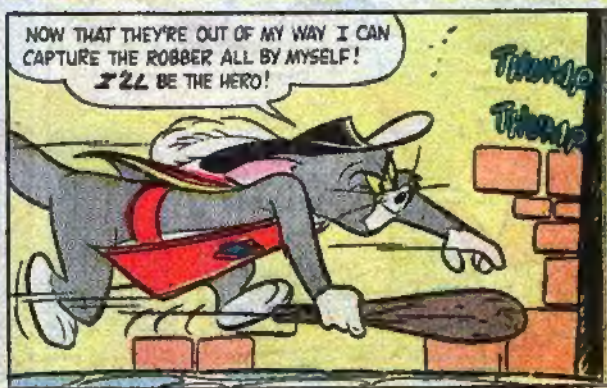
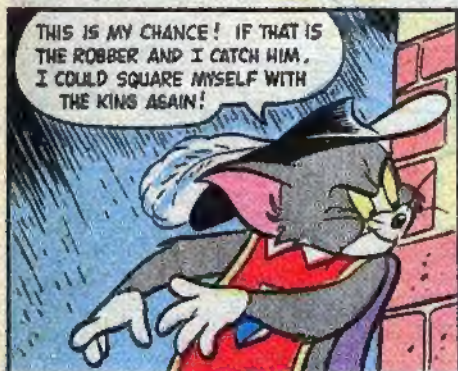
WHAT?

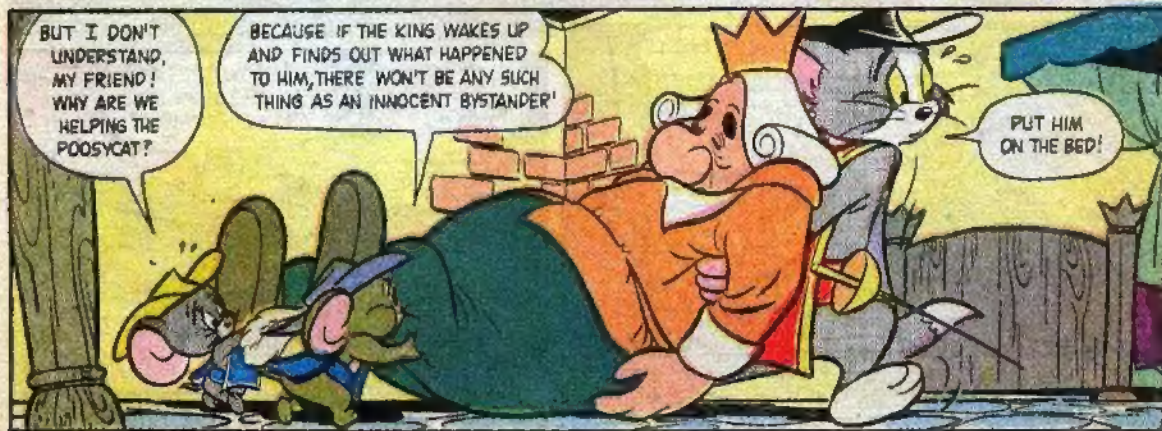
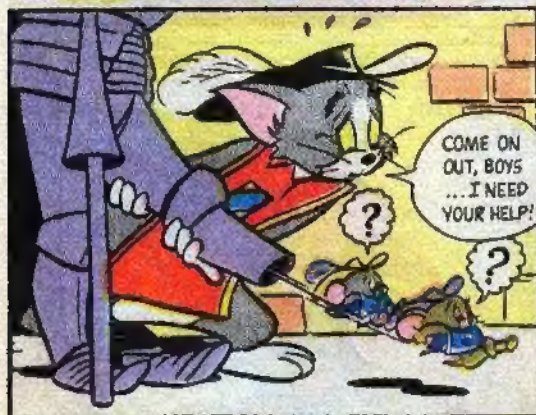
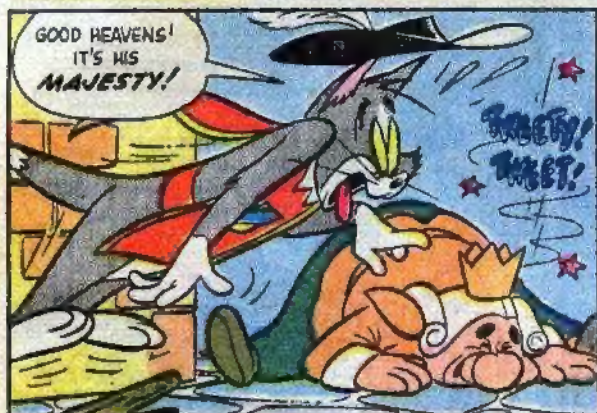
THE DOOR TO THE ROYAL TREASURY IS OPEN! HURRY, LITTLE ONE!

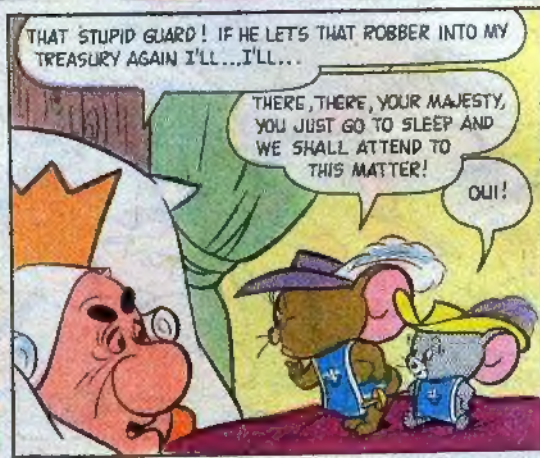


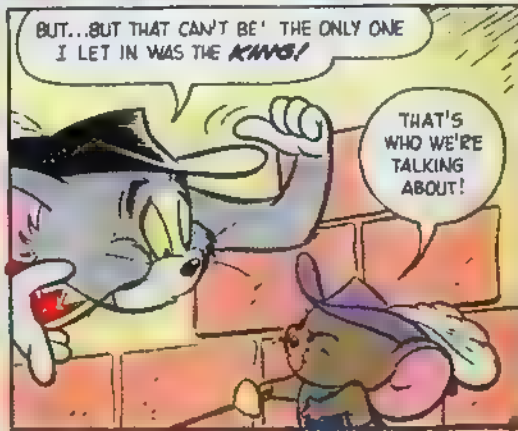
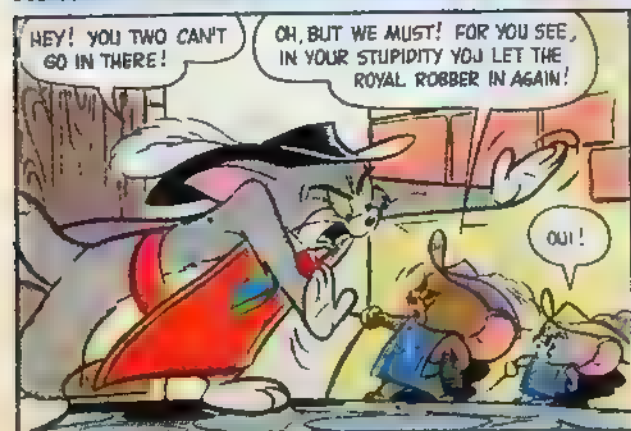
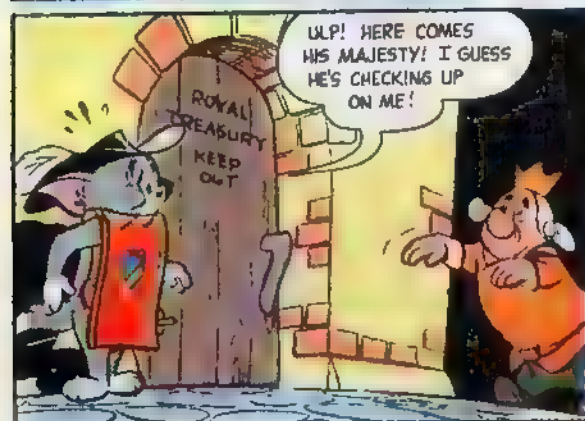
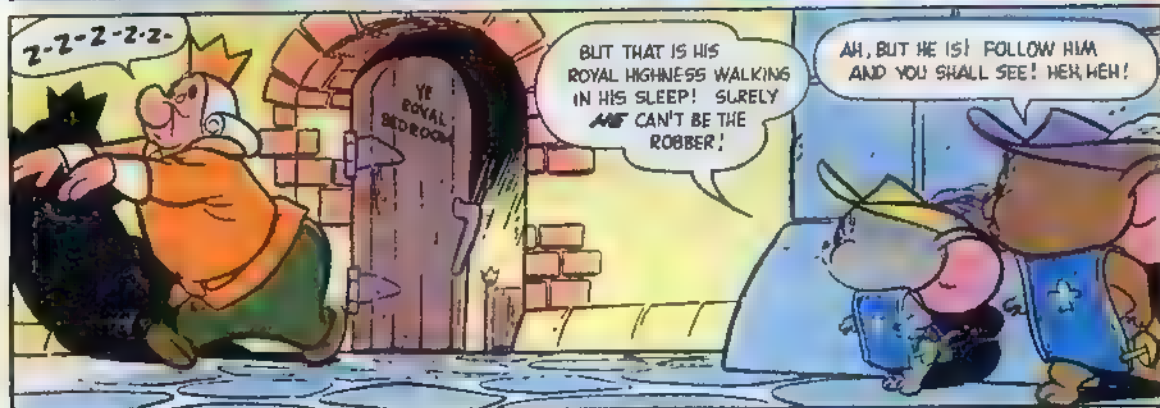
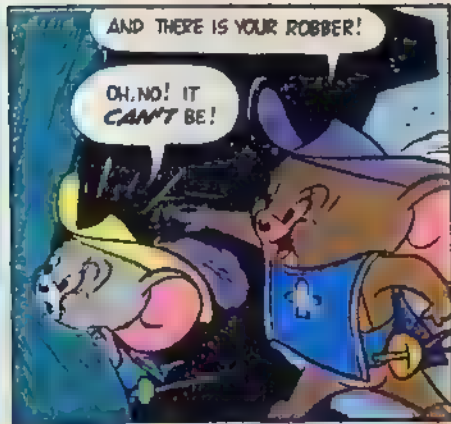
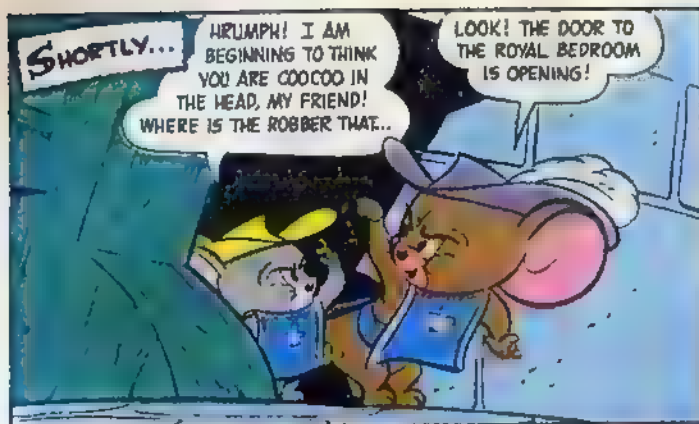
WE ARE TOO LATE! ANOTHER CHEST OF GOLD IS MISSING!

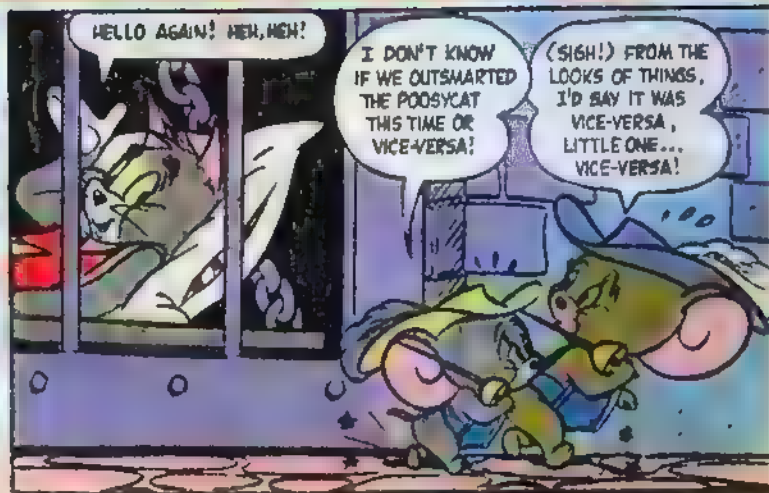
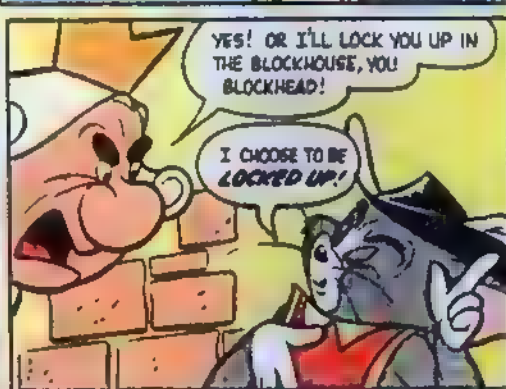
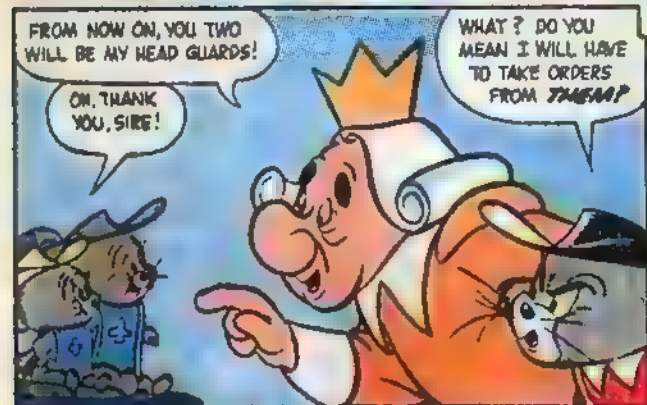
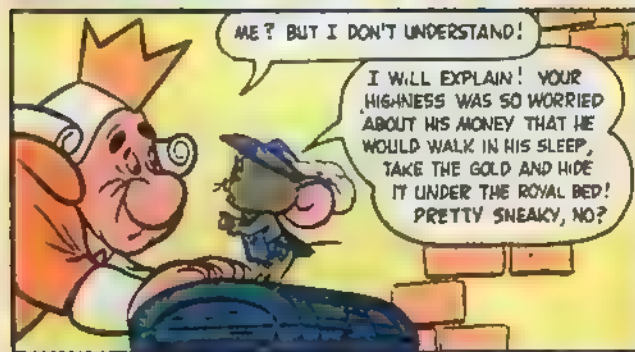
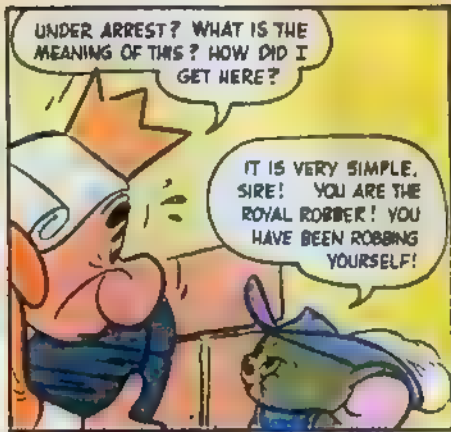
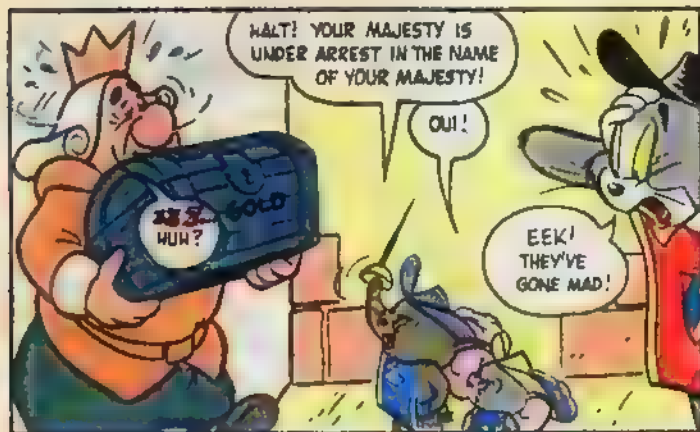
OH, NO!

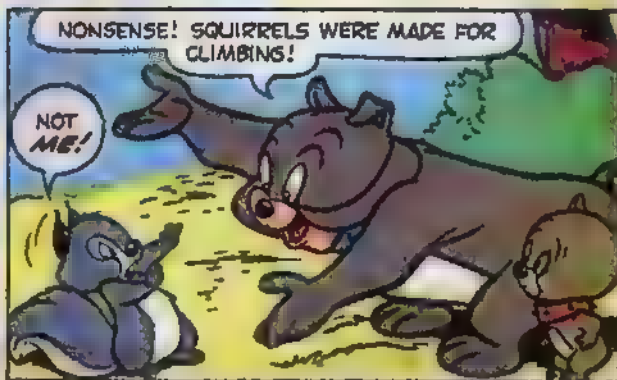
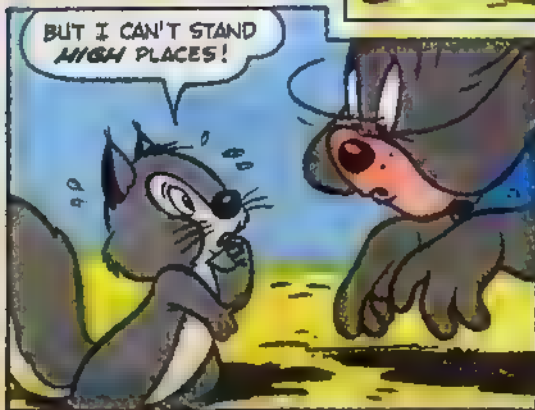
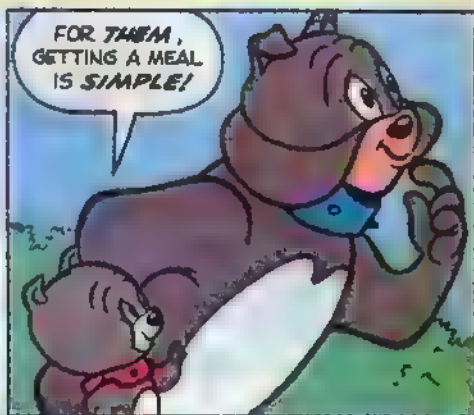
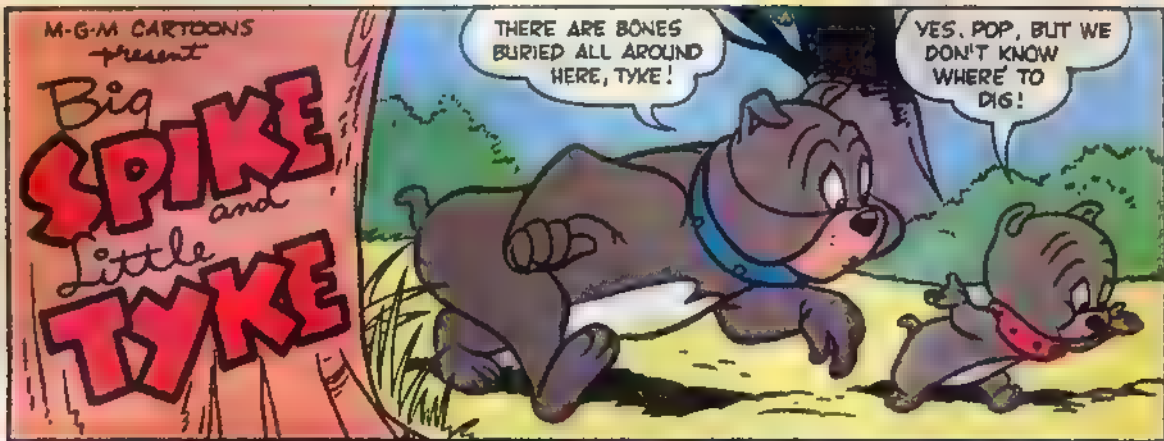


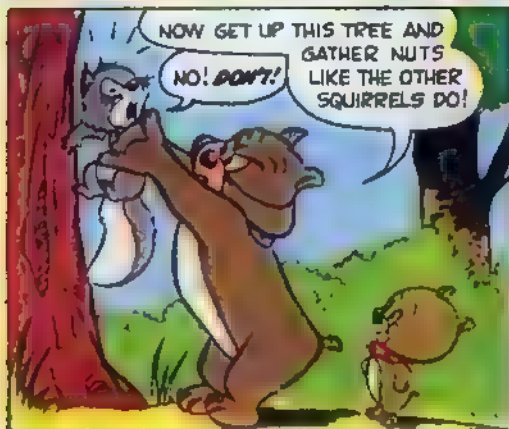
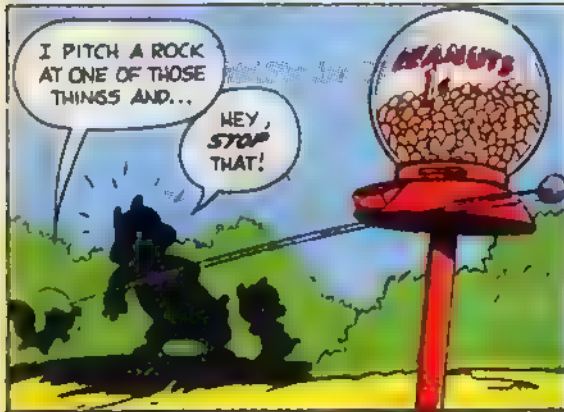
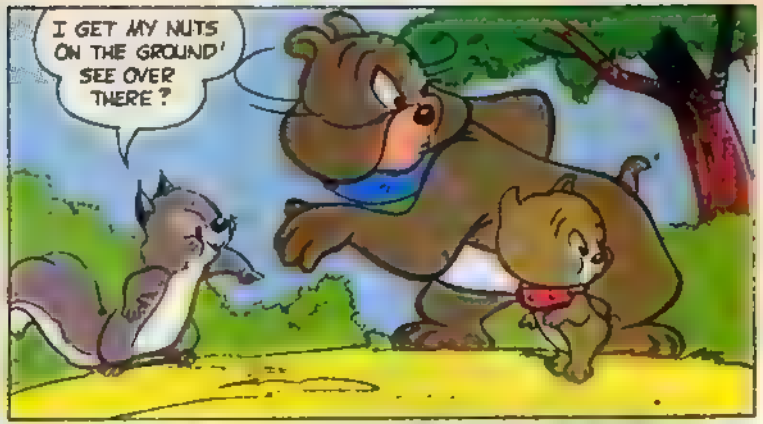


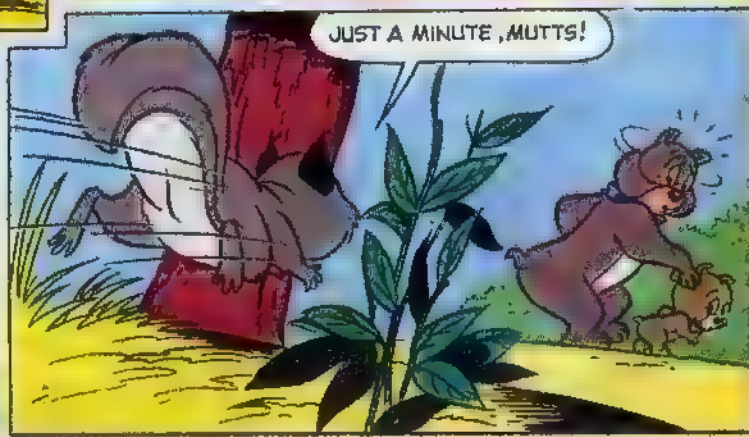
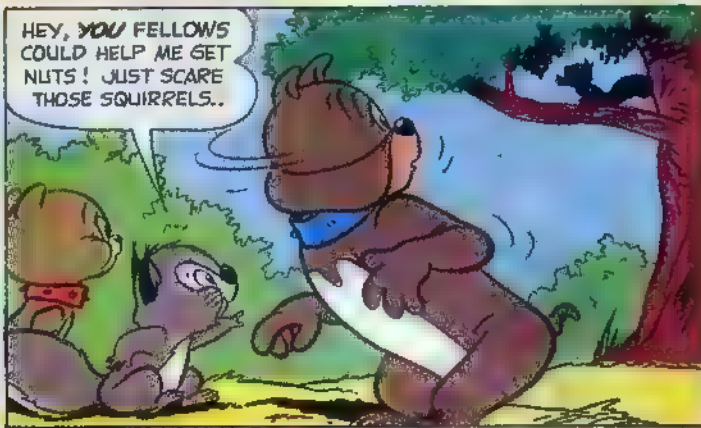
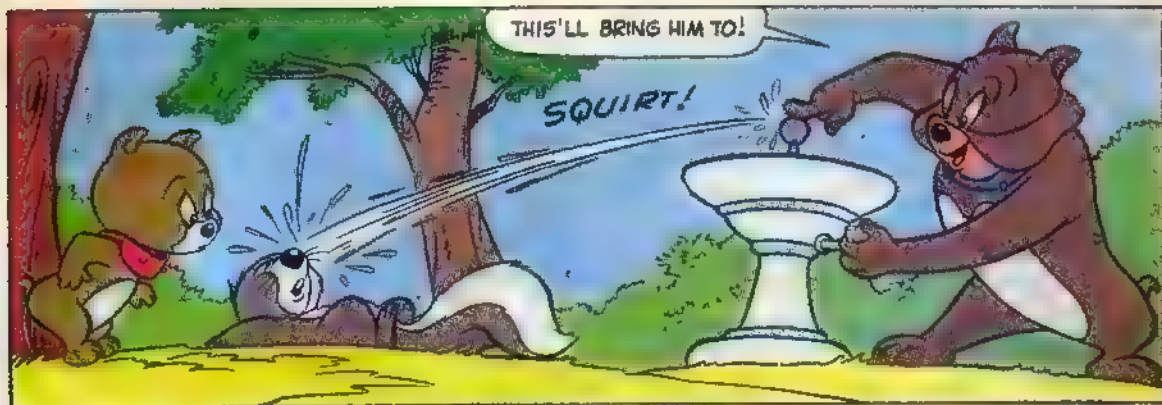


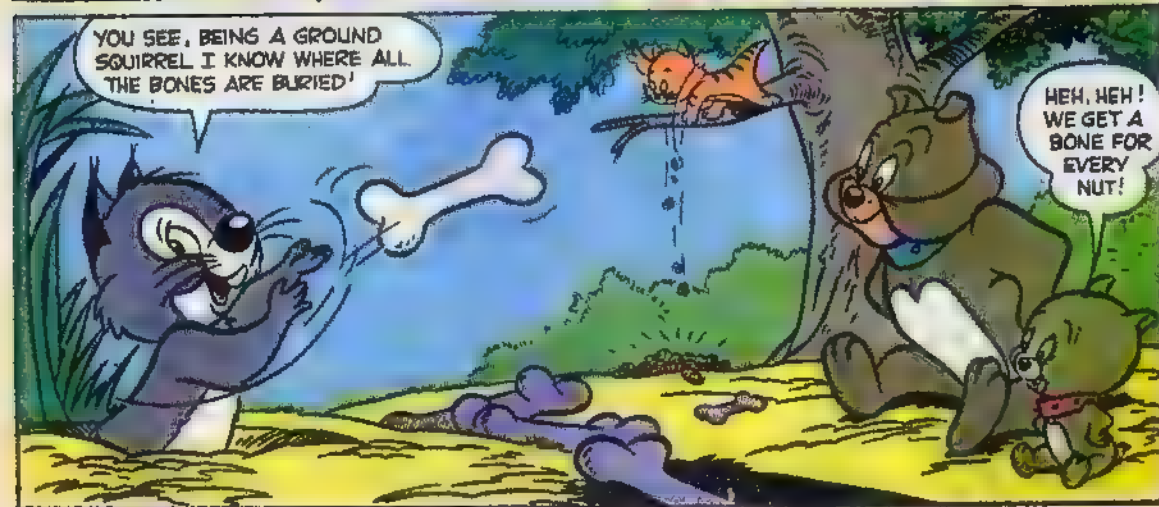
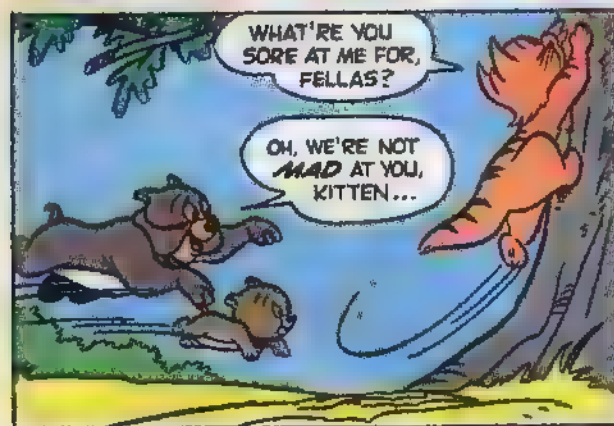
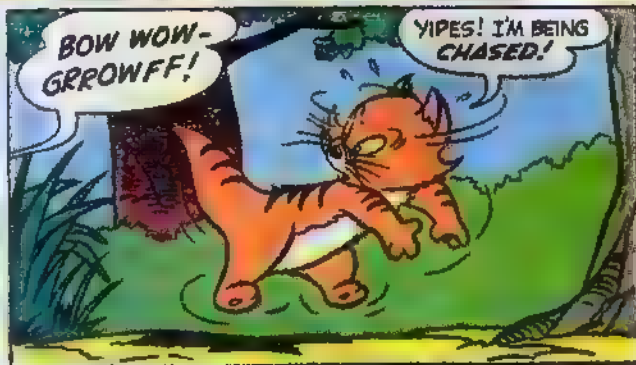
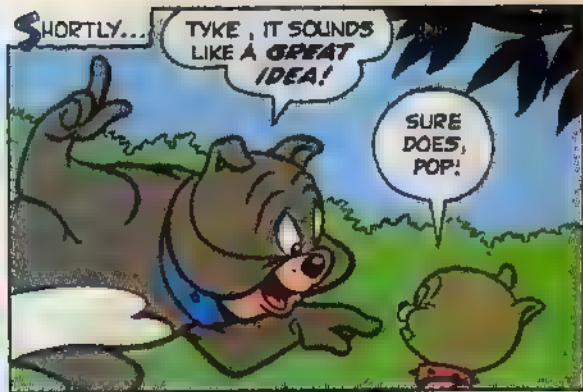






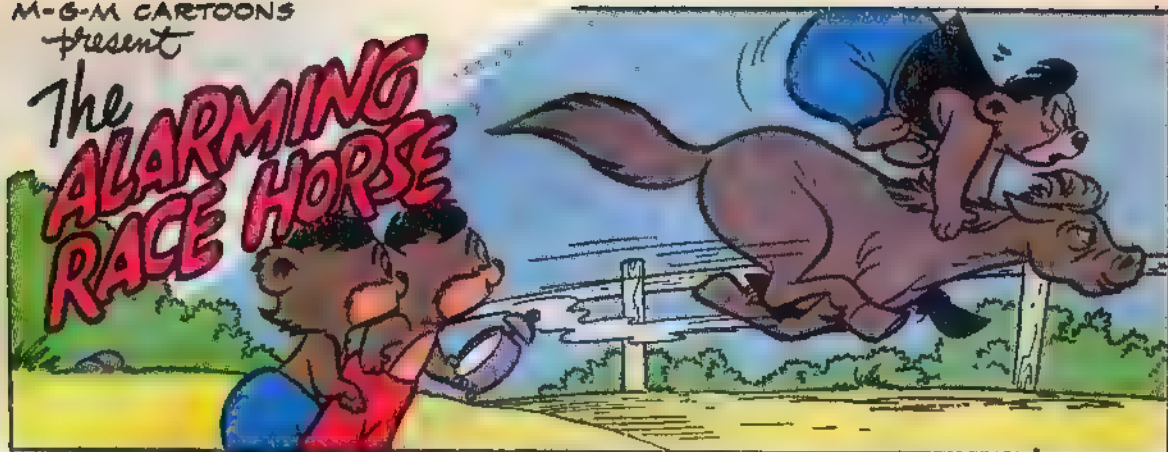






Present

The ALARMING RACE HORSE



"What a sad-looking animal," Fuzzy Bear exclaimed, as he patted the old sway-backed horse that had wandered into the yard. "Too bad he isn't a race horse! If he were, one of us could ride him in the race today, and maybe win the prize—a TV set!"

"I know," sighed brother Wuzzy. "Wonder if there's something we can do to speed him up. He looks too lazy to move!"

The boys were thoughtfully eyeing the old horse, when Barney Bear sauntered from the garage. "What's that?" he quizzed.

"A horse, of course, Uncle Barney," they exclaimed indignantly. "And we want to enter him in the race this afternoon."

Uncle Barney threw back his head and roared. "Race that nag!" he hooted. "Why, he has only two speeds, walk and stop!" Barney held up the clock he was repairing. "If I didn't have to fix the alarm on this thing, I'd time your race horse for you. I'll bet it would take him all afternoon to walk around the block."

"You're right," the boys lamented as Uncle Barney returned to his work.

"I guess we'll never have a television set," Wuzzy murmured sadly.

All of a sudden, the alarm rang shrilly from the garage. The startled horse shuddered violently and sprang forward with a wild lunge. He was down the street and out of sight in a matter of minutes.

"Whew!" Fuzzy gasped. "What happened?"

Wuzzy recovered and shouted, "Catch him! There goes our TV set on the hoof!"

They caught up with the old horse and gently led him back to their yard.

"Wait until Unk hears about this!" joyfully cried Fuzzy. "He'll never believe it!"

"Say," Wuzzy exclaimed, "let's not tell him! Let's trick him into riding the horse in the race and give him a real surprise."

"Yeah—" Fuzzy breathed. "I'll get him on somehow. You get the alarm clock."

At the local race that afternoon, Barney Bear chuckled amusedly as Fuzzy and Wuzzy led their horse to the starting post.

"What a nag!" he derided. "He's nothing but a bag of bones!"

Fuzzy and Wuzzy burst into laughter.

"What's so funny?" Barney demanded.

"Er—nothing," Fuzzy said hastily. He winked at his brother, "Except, I seem to forget how to mount a horse."

"Here, boys, let your Unk show you," Barney beamed proudly, as he swung a leg over the horse and settled into the hollow of its back. "How's that?" he asked.

"Perfect!" Wuzzy yelled, as he released the alarm on the clock. "The race is on!"

Br-ring! The old horse broke into a rapid start, carrying the astonished Barney Bear down the track.

"Help!" he screamed, as he bounced up and down, hanging on for dear life. "Help! This nag's gone haywire. Help!"

Fuzzy and Wuzzy clutched each other happily. "He's winning!" they yelled.

"Whoa!" Barney pleaded, as he pulled on the reins. "Nice horsie, whoa!"

The horse stopped so suddenly that Barney was thrown forward, headfirst, and landed kerflop on the ground.

"Wh—What happened?" he asked dazedly.

"You won!" Fuzzy explained as he helped the stunned Barney to his feet.

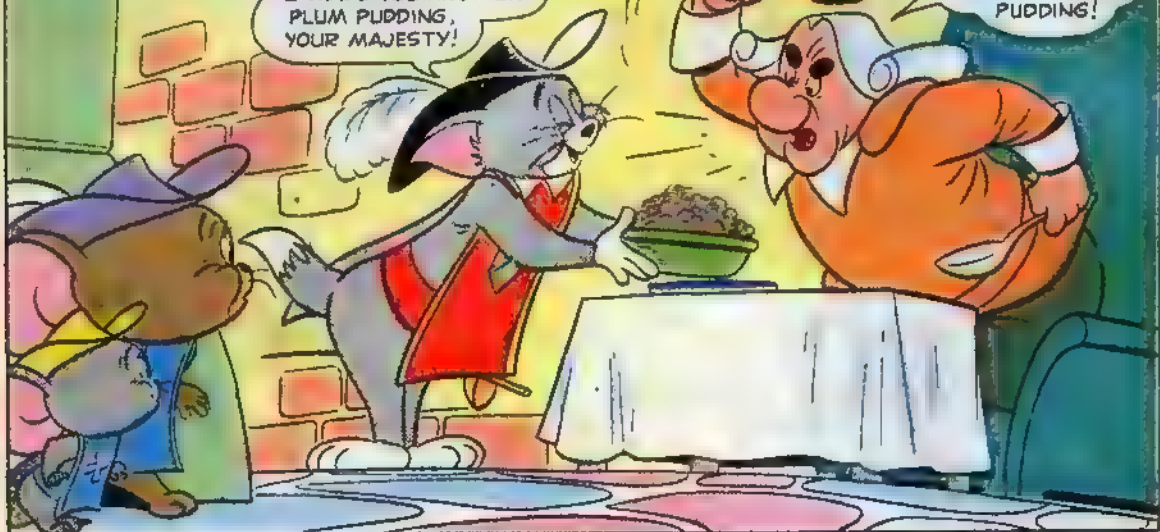
"Yep," Wuzzy grinned. "You might say the whole race went just like clockwork!"

Mouse Musketeers

and The **PIE SPY**

I MADE YOU ANOTHER
PLUM PUDDING,
YOUR MAJESTY!

PLUM PUDDING!
PLUM PUDDING!
I'M SICK AND
TIRED OF PLUM
PUDDING!



(SIGH!) IT'S THE ONLY THING I
KNOW HOW TO MAKE!

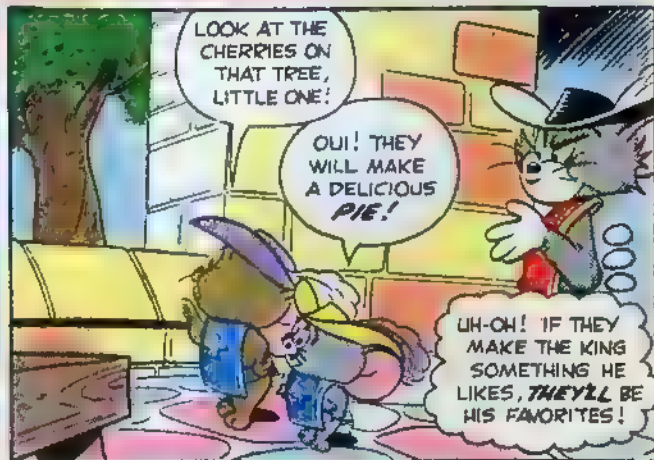
LET US COOK THE KING
A DIFFERENT KIND OF
DESSERT, MY FRIEND!



LOOK AT THE
CHERRIES ON
THAT TREE,
LITTLE ONE!

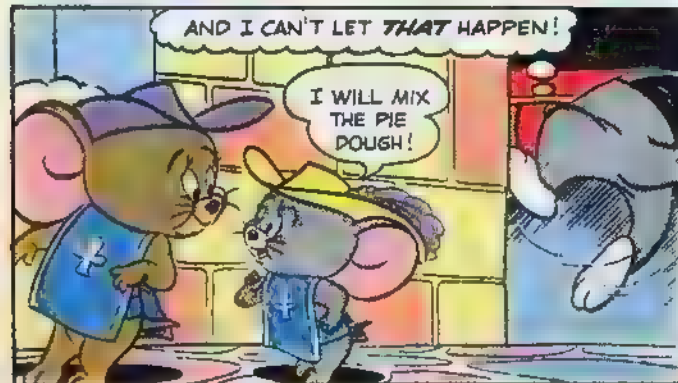
OUI! THEY
WILL MAKE
A DELICIOUS
PIE!

UH-OH! IF THEY
MAKE THE KING
SOMETHING HE
LIKES, THEY'LL BE
HIS FAVORITES!

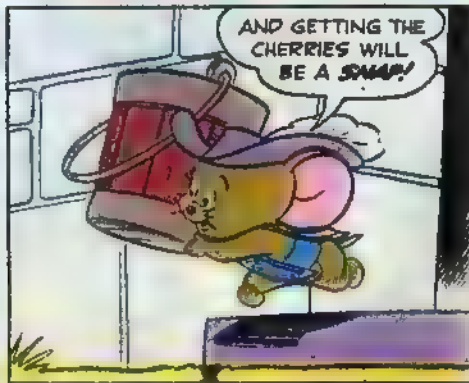


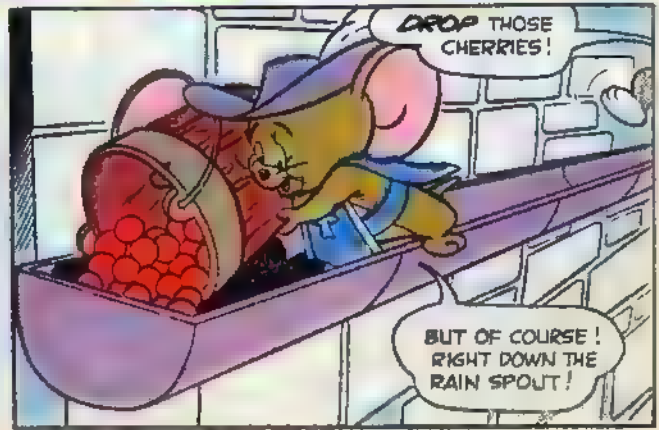
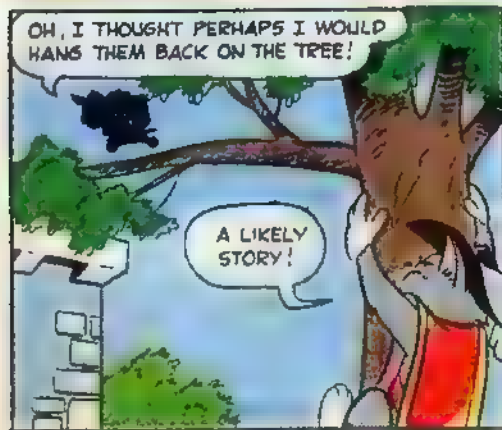
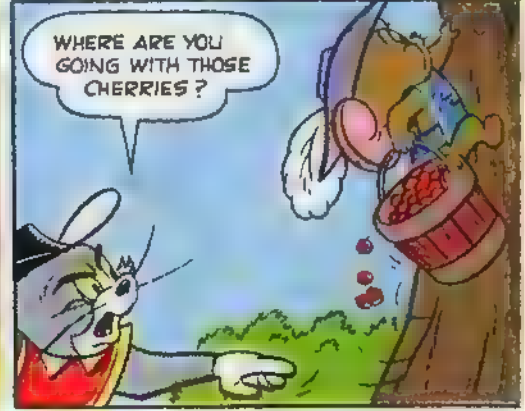
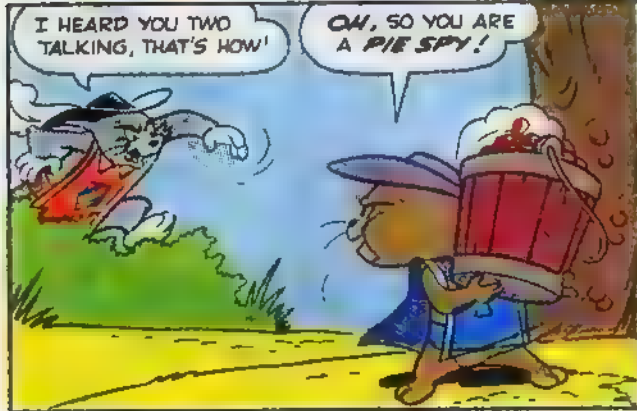
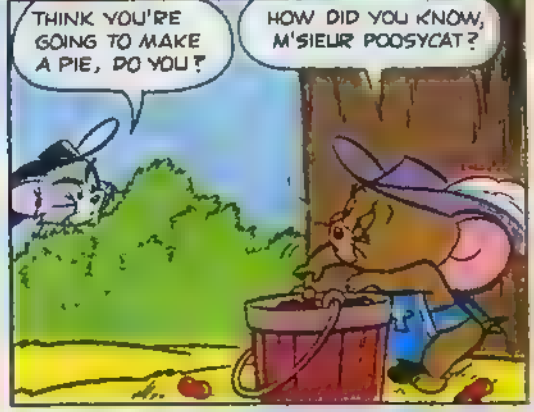
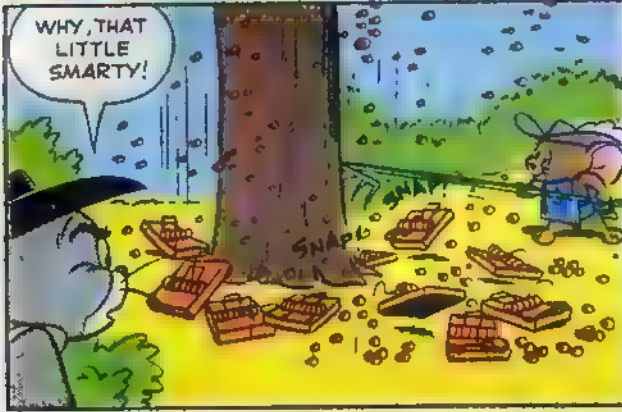
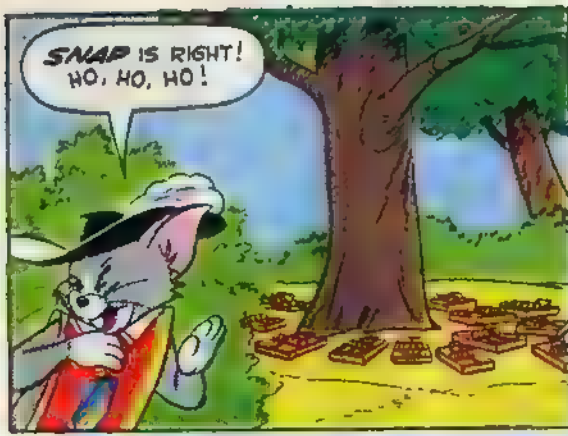
AND I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!

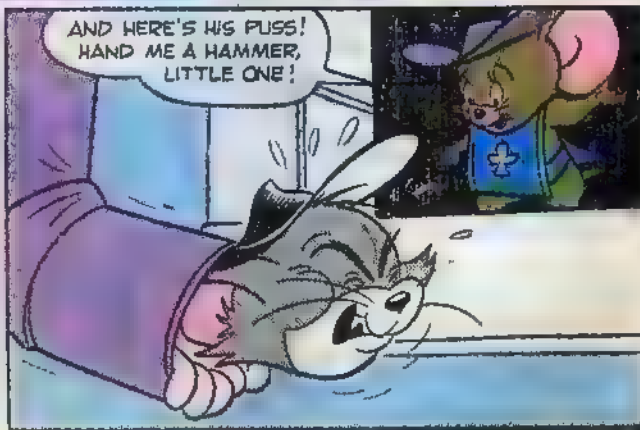
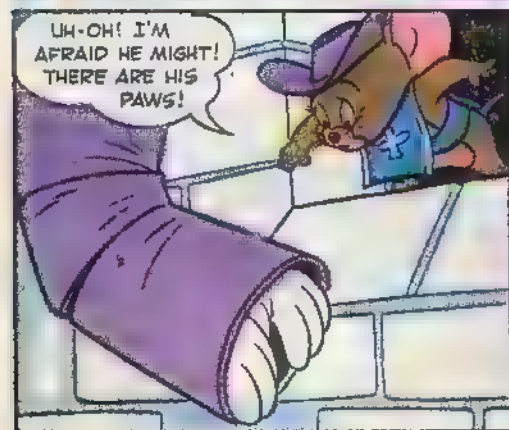
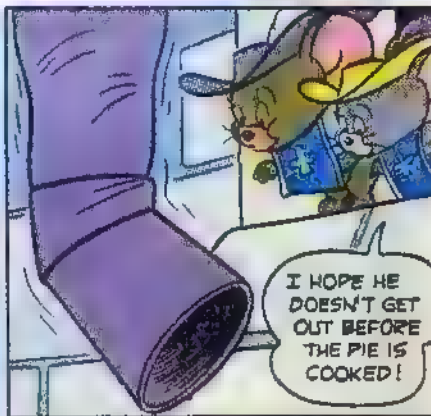
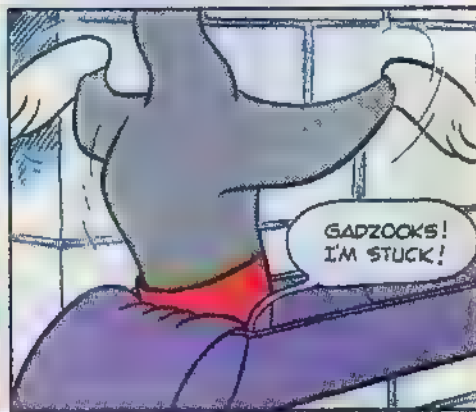
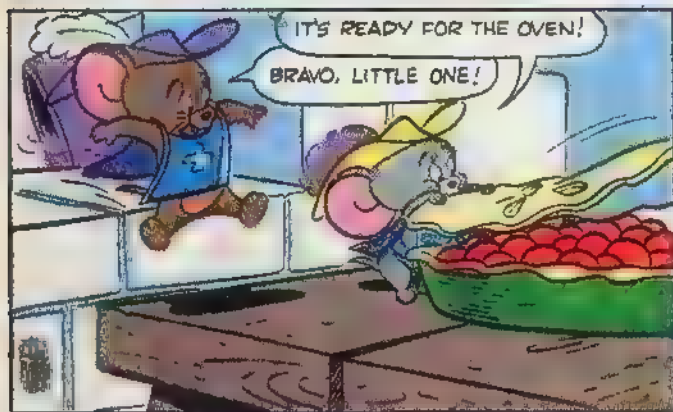
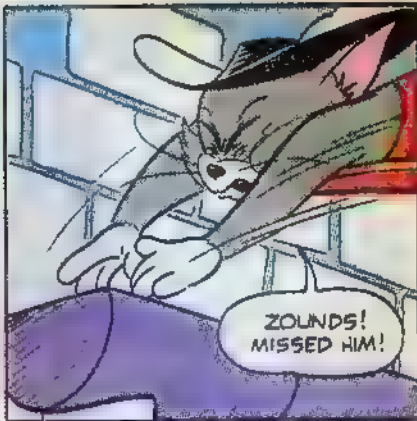
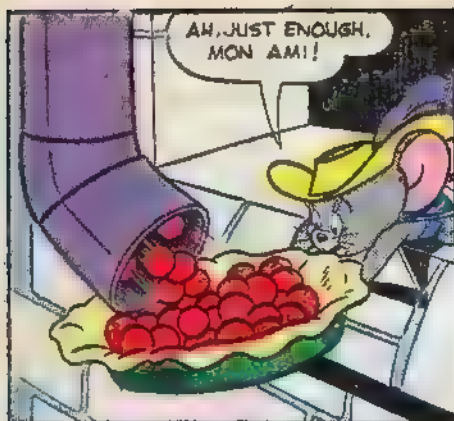
I WILL MIX
THE PIE
DOUGH!

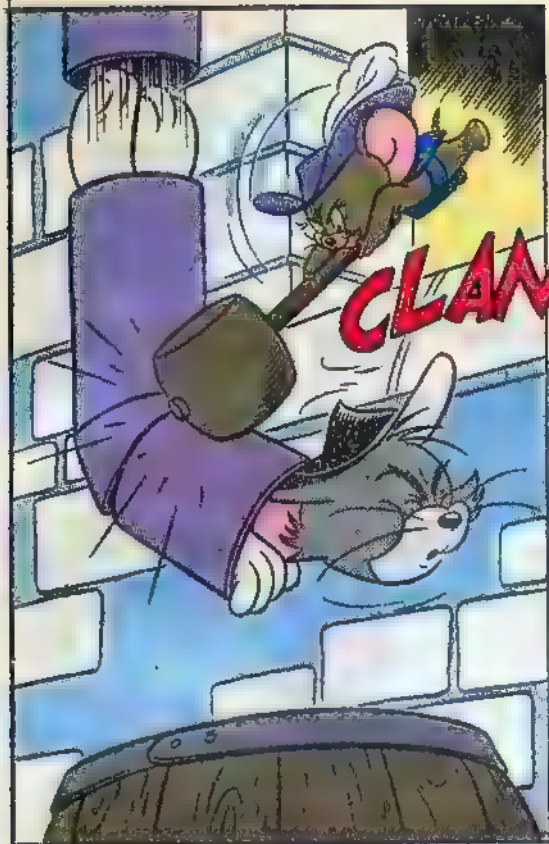


AND GETTING THE
CHERRIES WILL
BE A SNAP!

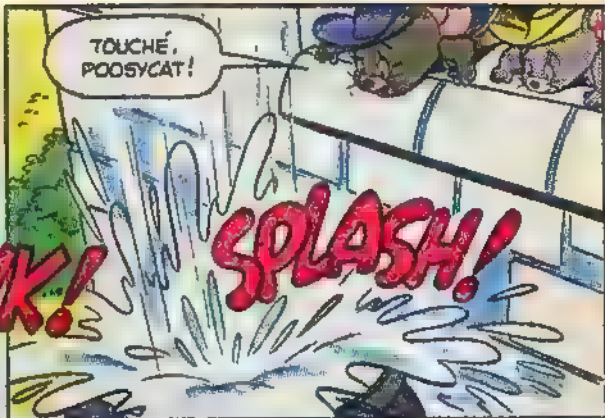






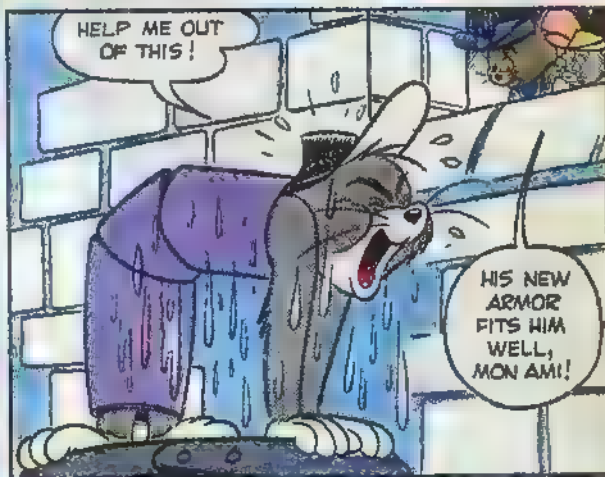


CLANK!



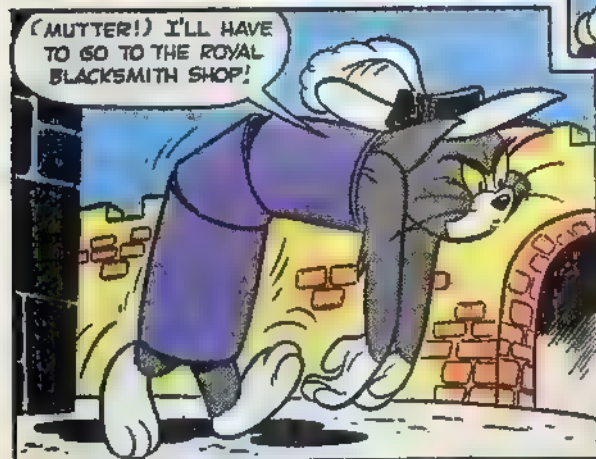
TOUCHÉ,
POOSYCAT!

SPLASH!

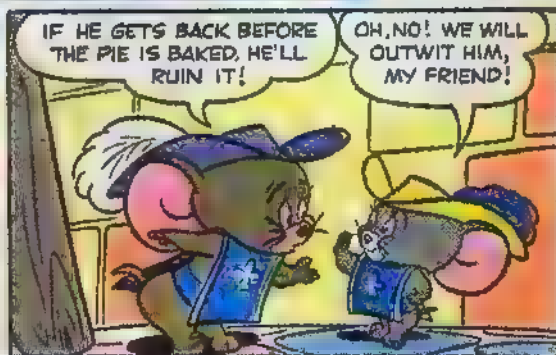


HELP ME OUT
OF THIS!

HIS NEW
ARMOR
FITS HIM
WELL,
MON AMI!

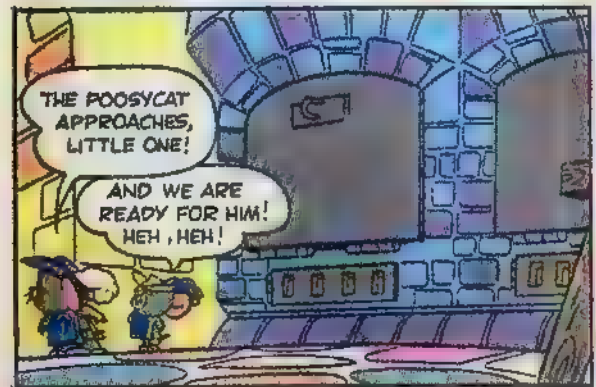


(MUTTER!) I'LL HAVE
TO GO TO THE ROYAL
BLACKSMITH SHOP!



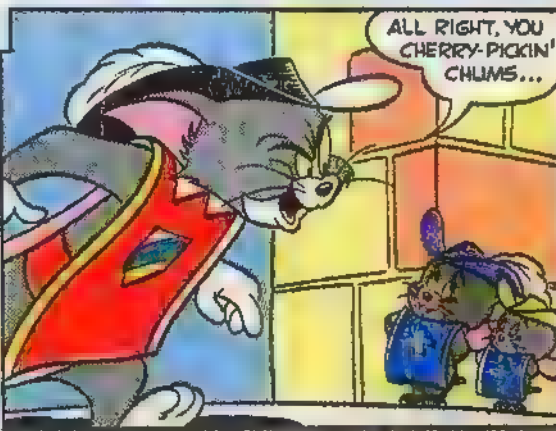
IF HE GETS BACK BEFORE
THE PIE IS BAKED, HE'LL
RUIN IT!

OH, NO! WE WILL
OUTWIT HIM,
MY FRIEND!

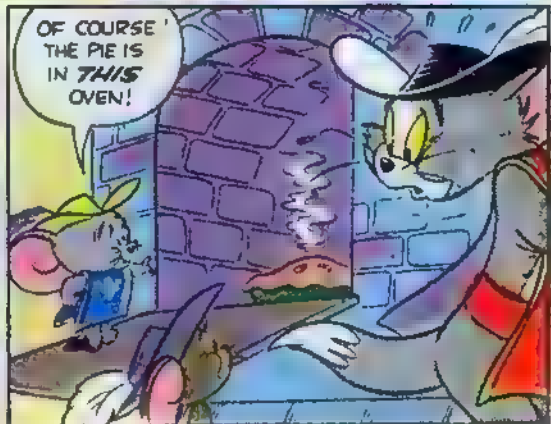
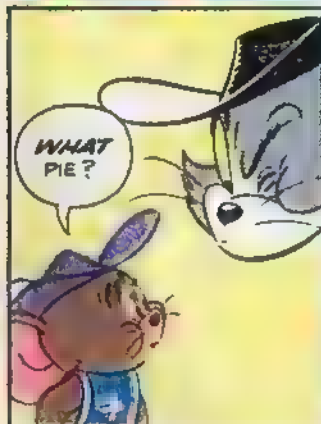
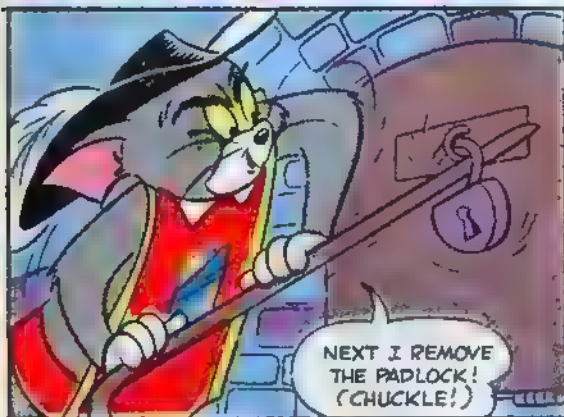
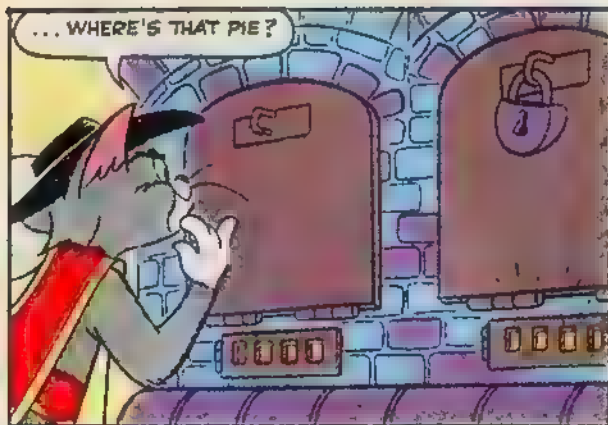


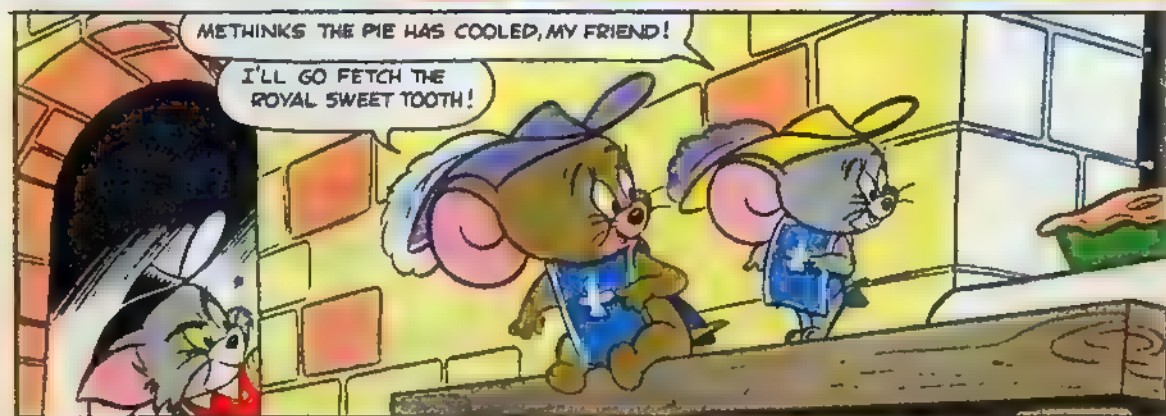
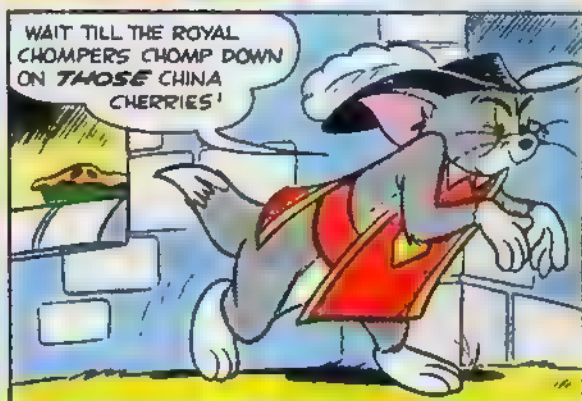
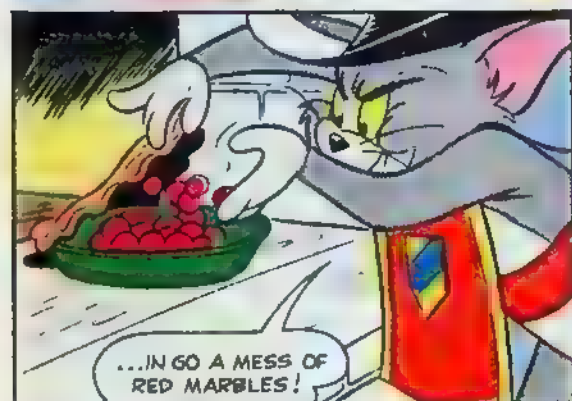
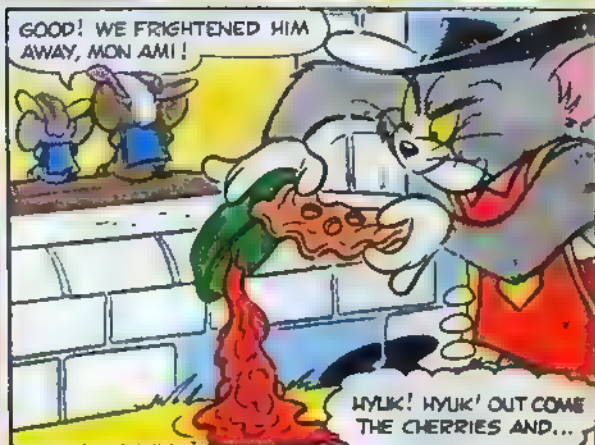
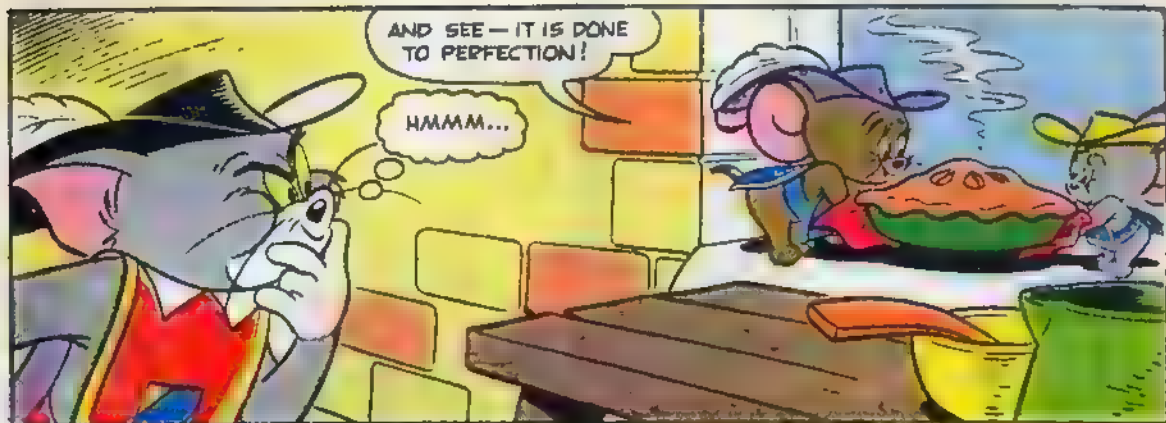
THE POOSYCAT
APPROACHES,
LITTLE ONE!

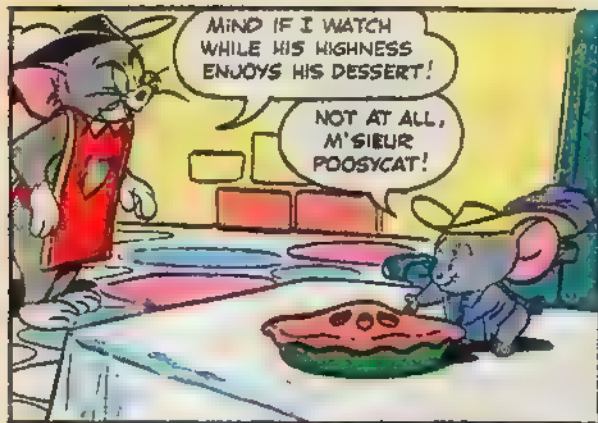
AND WE ARE
READY FOR HIM!
HEH, HEH!



ALL RIGHT, YOU
CHERRY-PICKIN'
CHUMS...

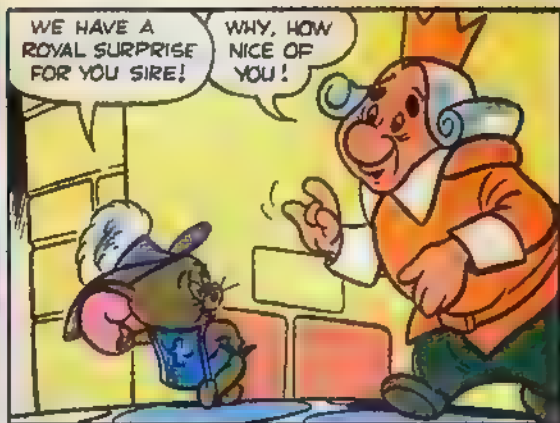






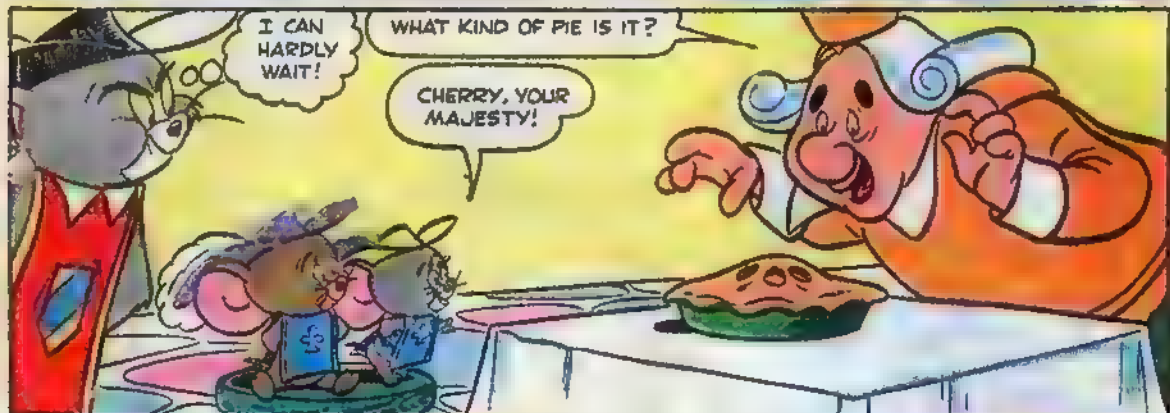
MIND IF I WATCH
WHILE HIS HIGHNESS
ENJOYS HIS DESSERT!

NOT AT ALL,
M'SIEUR
POOSYCAT!



WE HAVE A
ROYAL SURPRISE
FOR YOU SIRE!

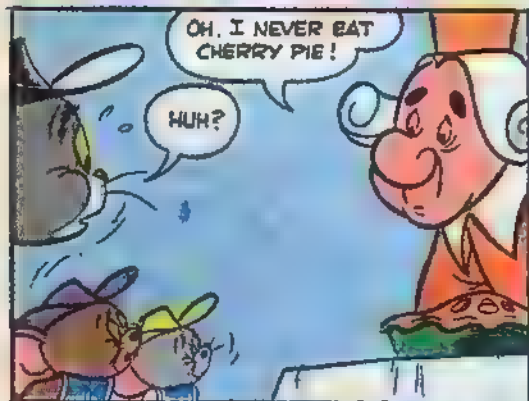
WHY, HOW
NICE OF
YOU!



I CAN
HARDLY
WAIT!

WHAT KIND OF PIE IS IT?

CHERRY, YOUR
MAJESTY!



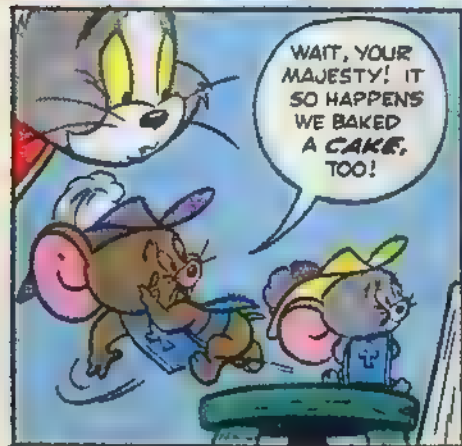
OH, I NEVER EAT
CHERRY PIE!

HUH?

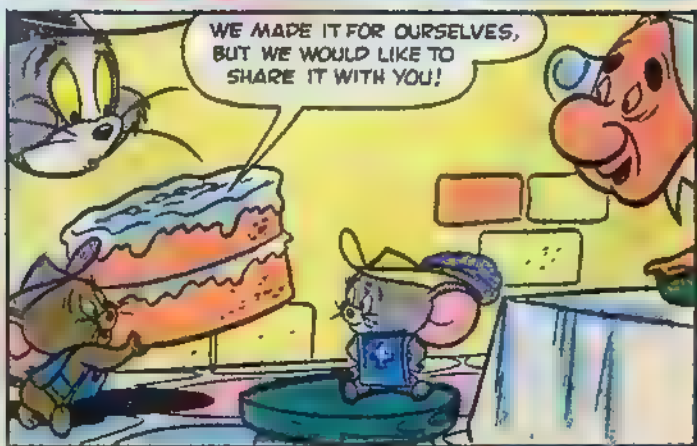


BUT, SIRE, YOU SHOULD
TAKE JUST *ONE* BITE!
IT LOOKS *SO*
YUMMY!

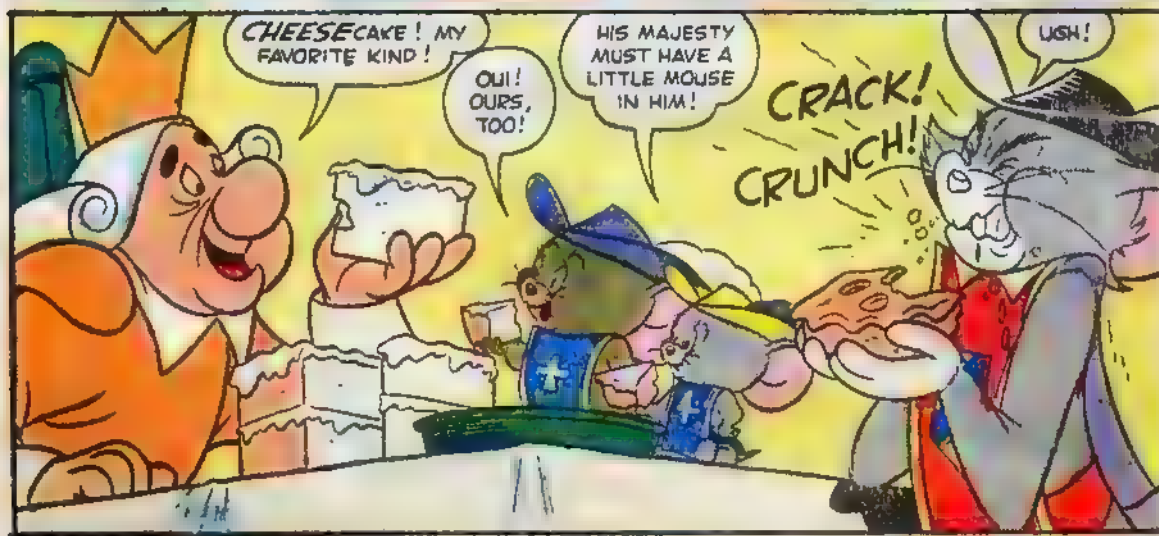
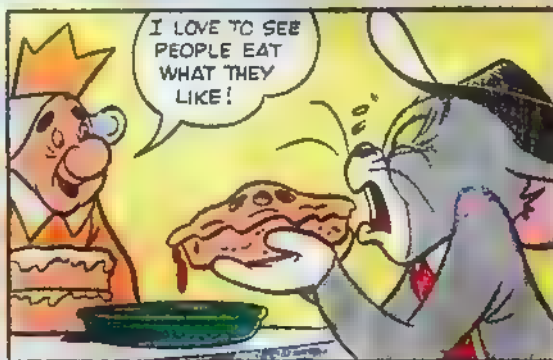
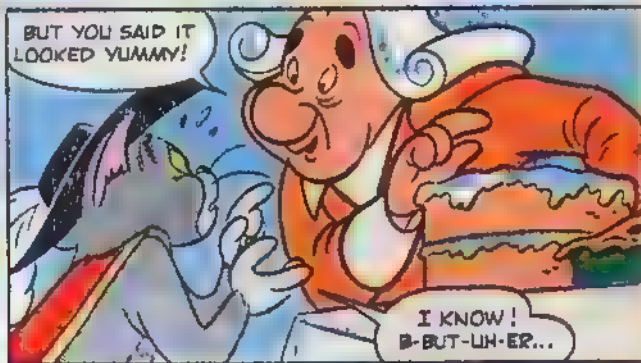
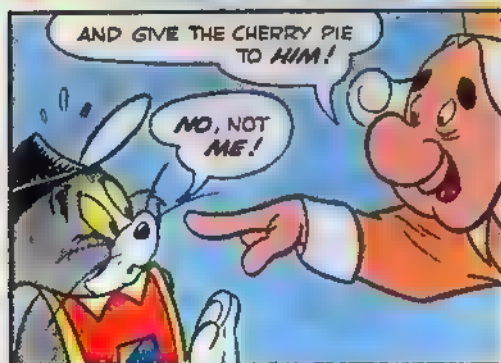
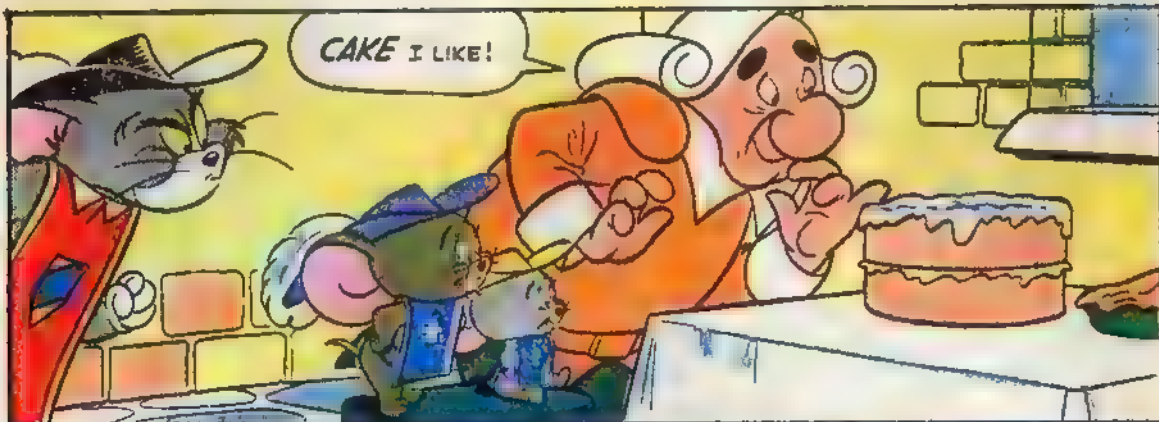
NO! CONFOUND IT!



WAIT, YOUR
MAJESTY! IT
SO HAPPENS
WE BAKED
A *CAKE*,
TOO!



WE MADE IT FOR OURSELVES,
BUT WE WOULD LIKE TO
SHARE IT WITH YOU!



M-G-M CARTOONS
present

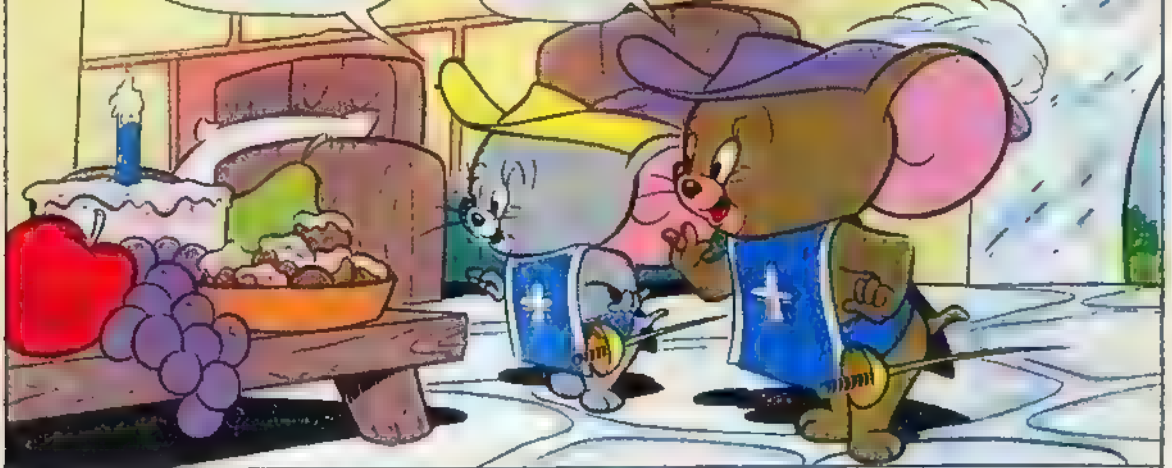
Mouse Musketeers

in

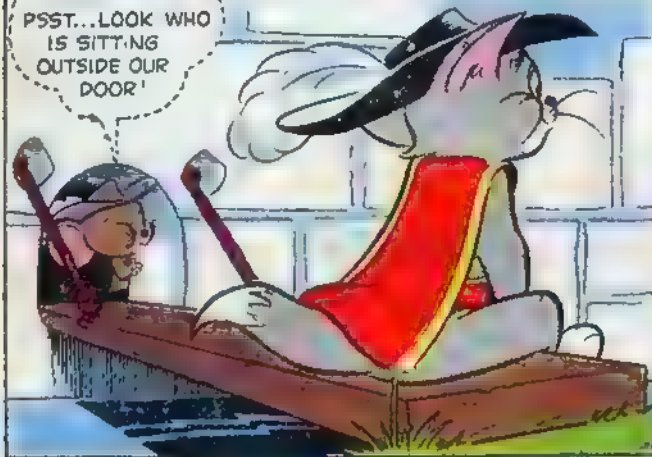
DIVIDE AND
CONQUER

WELL, MON AMI,
WE HAVE EVERYTHING
FOR MY BIRTHDAY
PARTY TOMORROW!

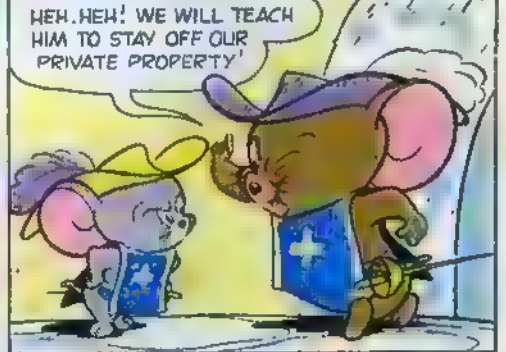
EXCEPT FLOWERS,
LITTLE ONE! AND
WE CAN GO GATHER
THEM NOW!



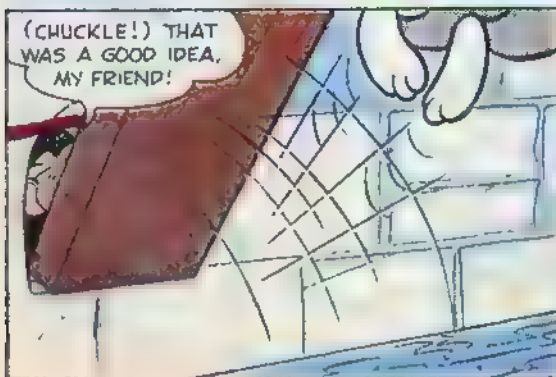
PSST...LOOK WHO
IS SITTING
OUTSIDE OUR
DOOR!



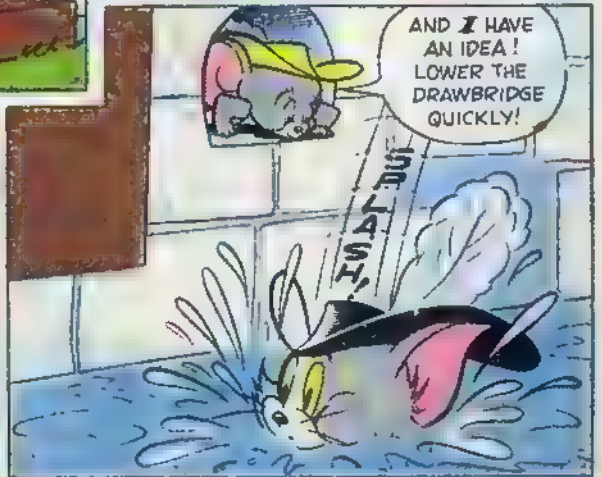
HEH, HEH! WE WILL TEACH
HIM TO STAY OFF OUR
PRIVATE PROPERTY!

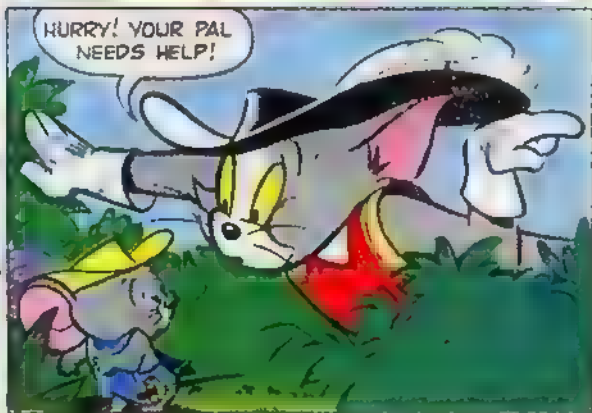
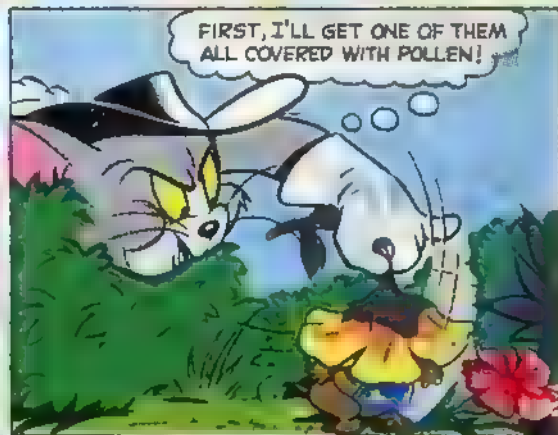
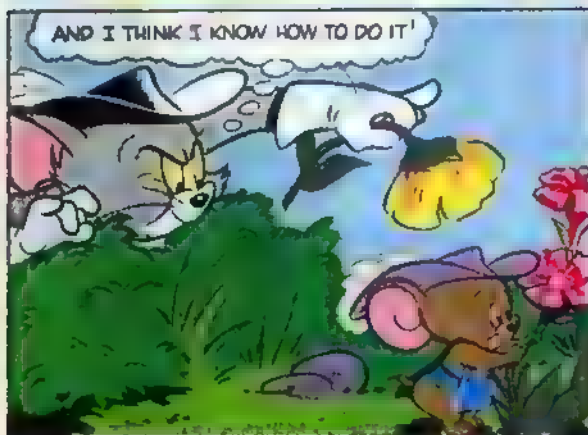
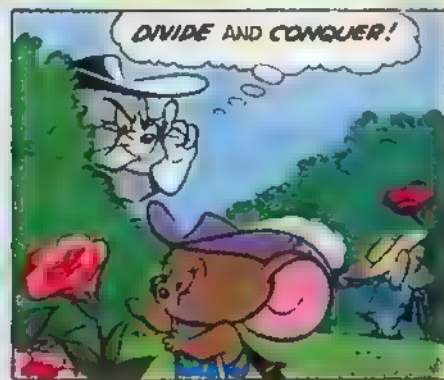
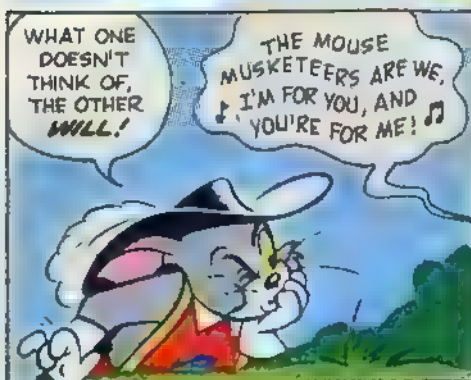
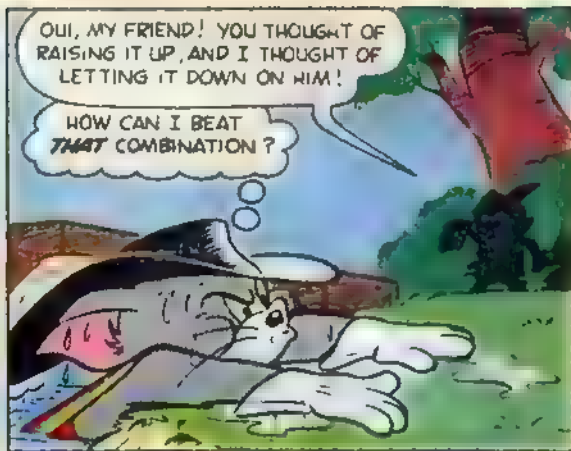


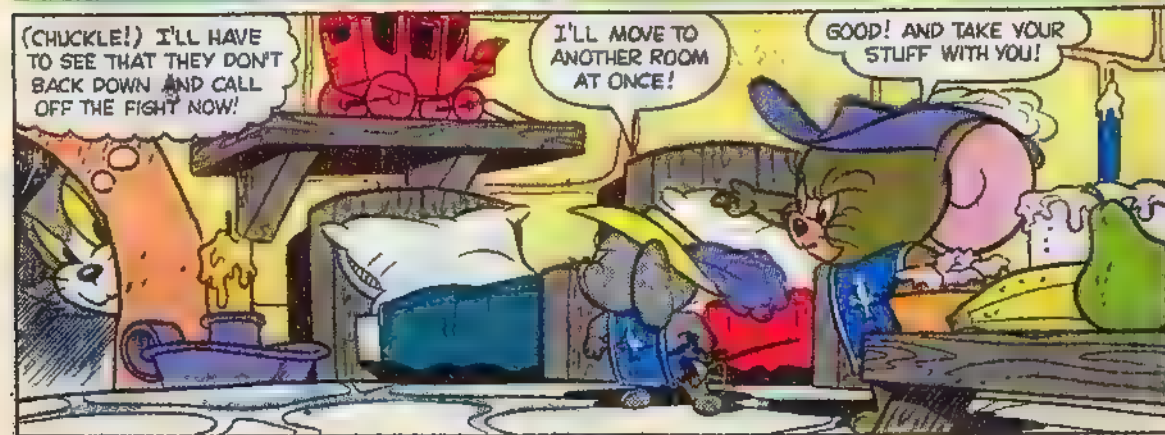
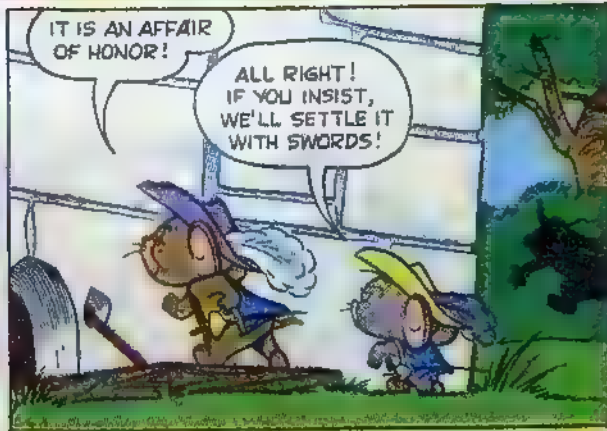
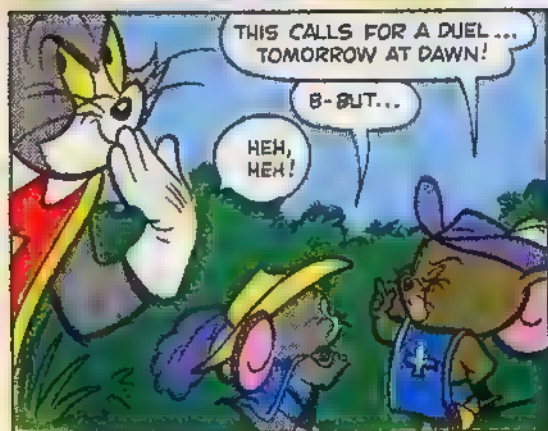
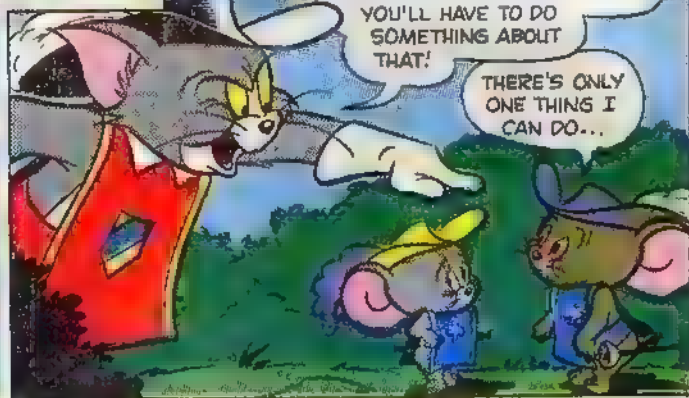
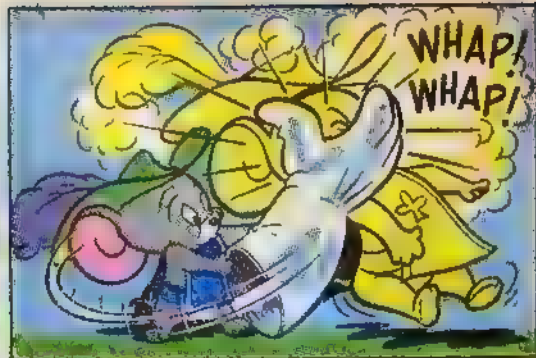
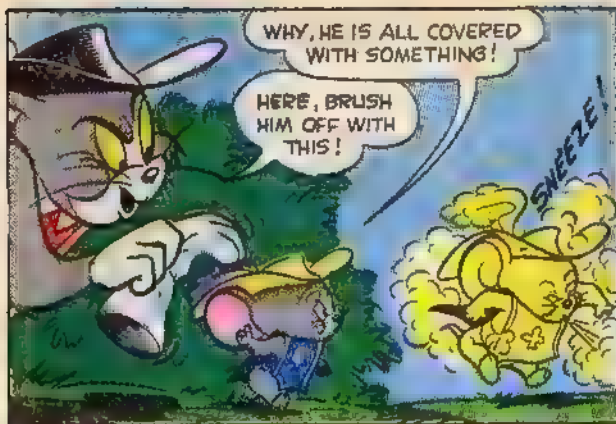
(CHUCKLE!) THAT
WAS A GOOD IDEA,
MY FRIEND!

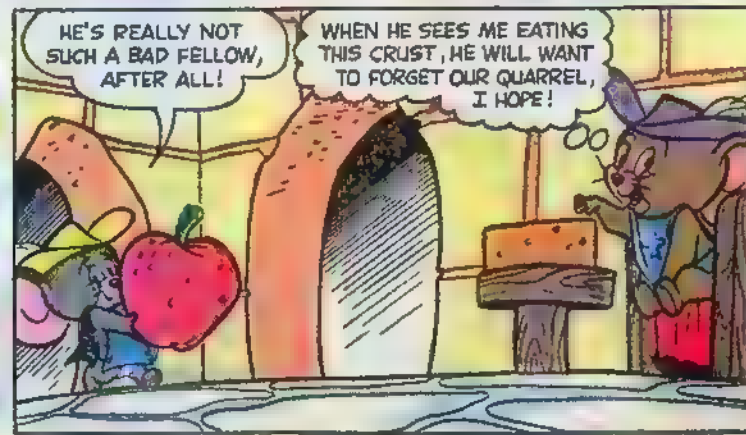
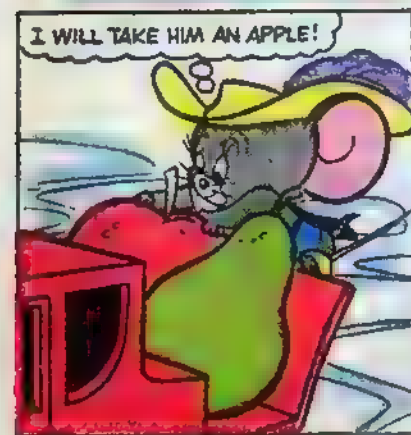
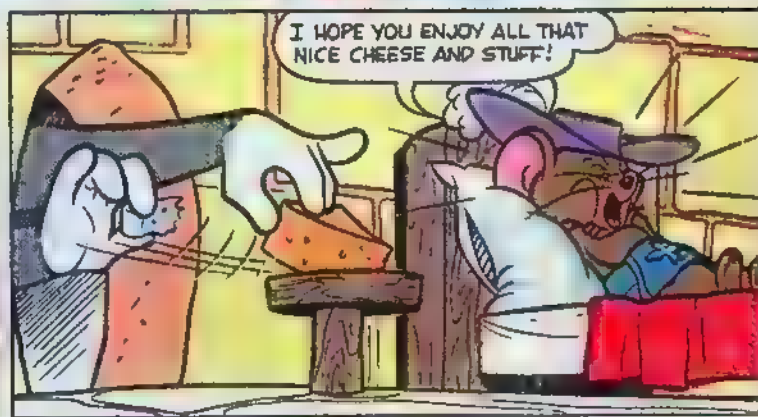
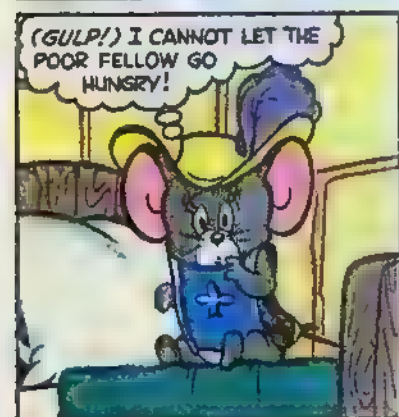
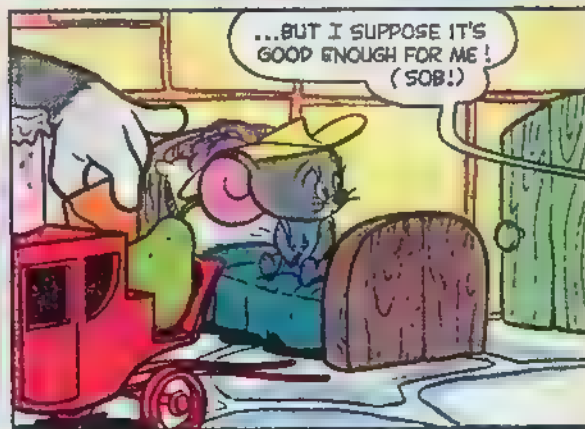
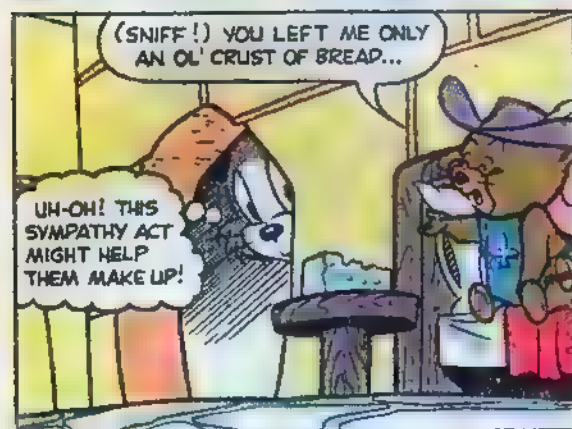
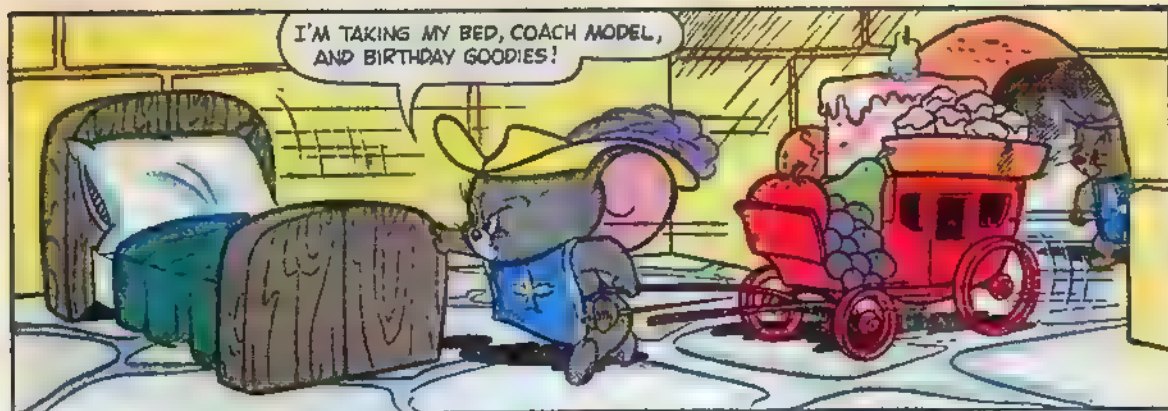


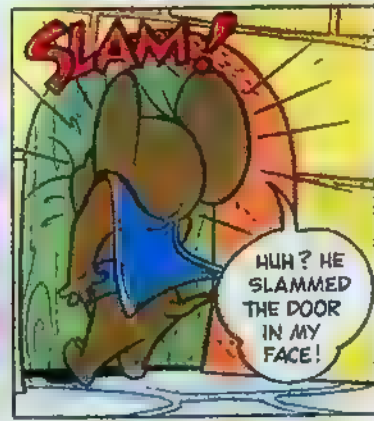
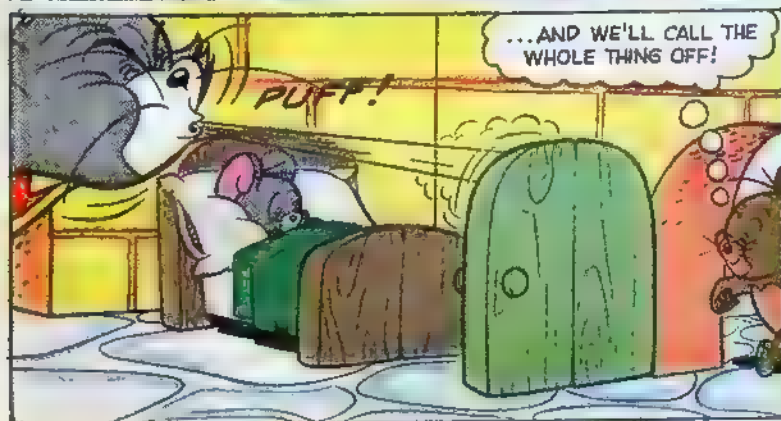
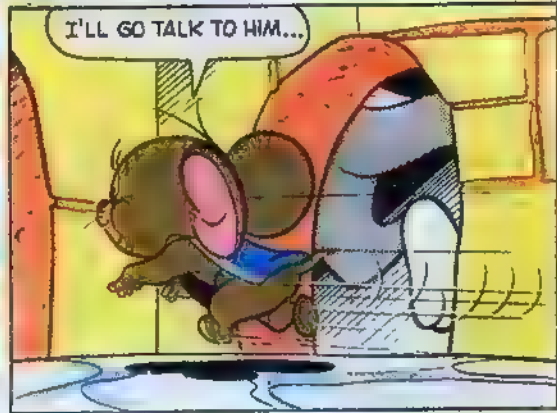
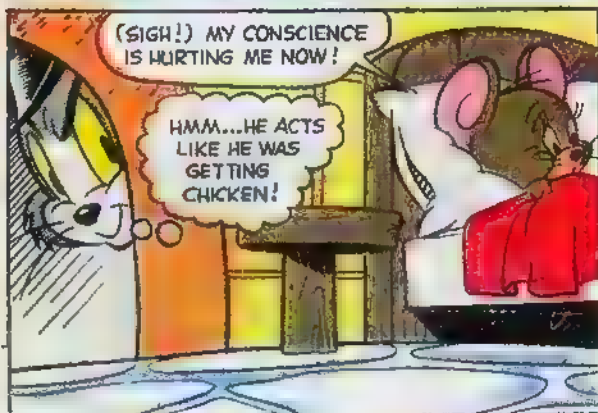
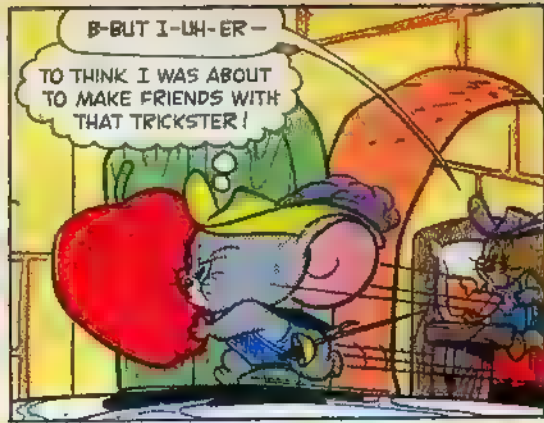
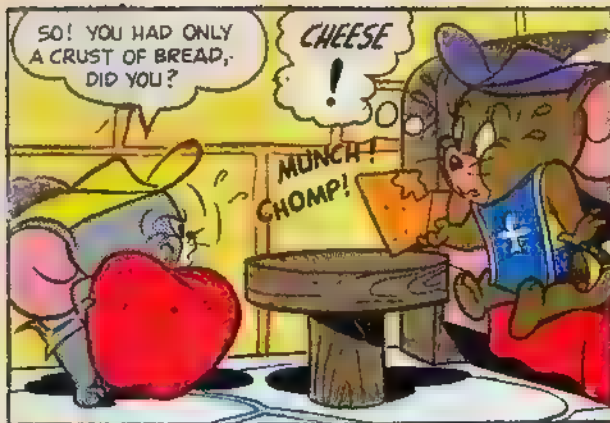
AND I HAVE
AN IDEA!
LOWER THE
DRAWBRIDGE
QUICKLY!

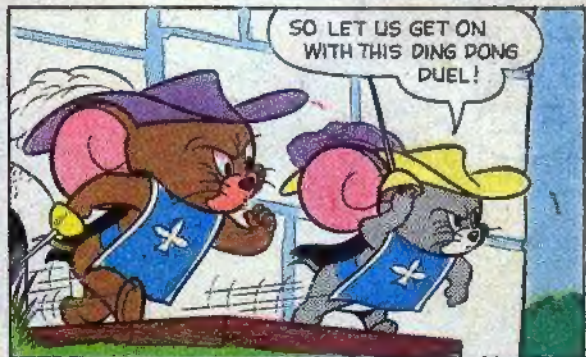
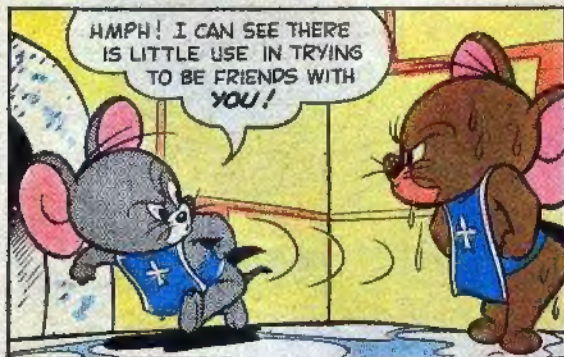
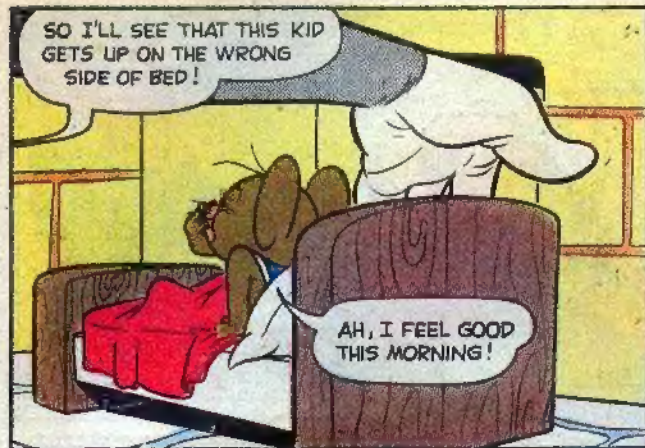


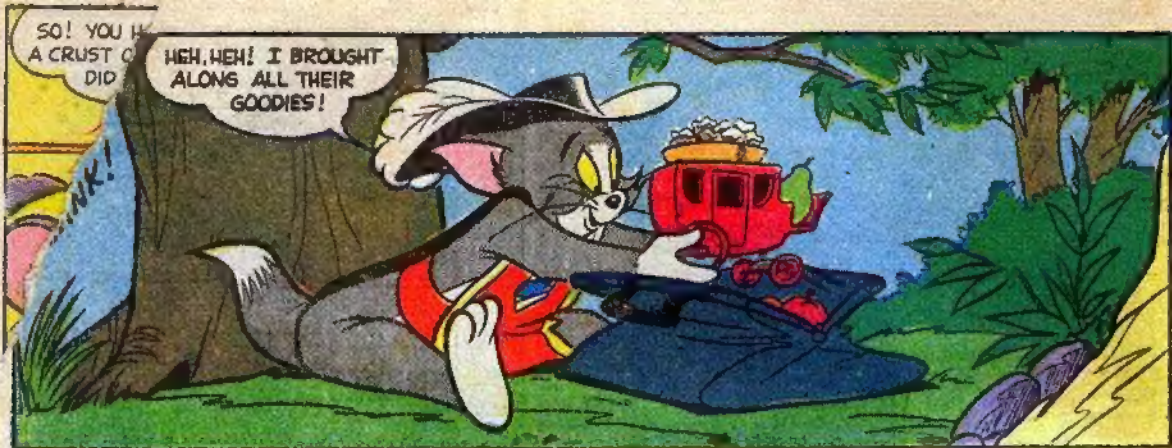


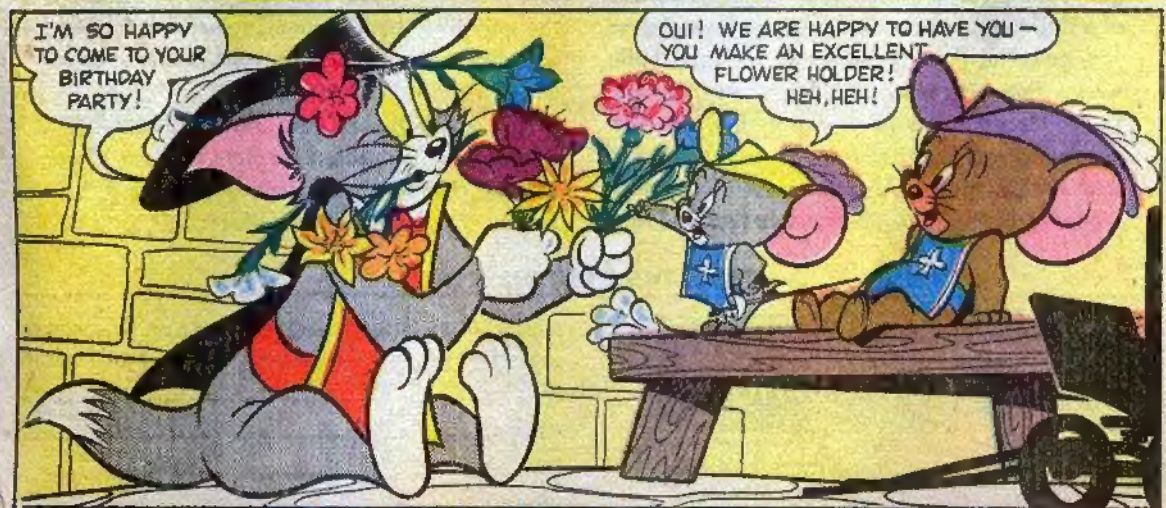
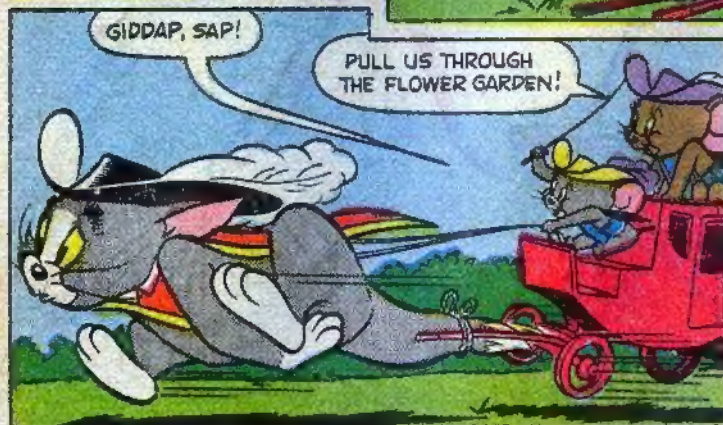






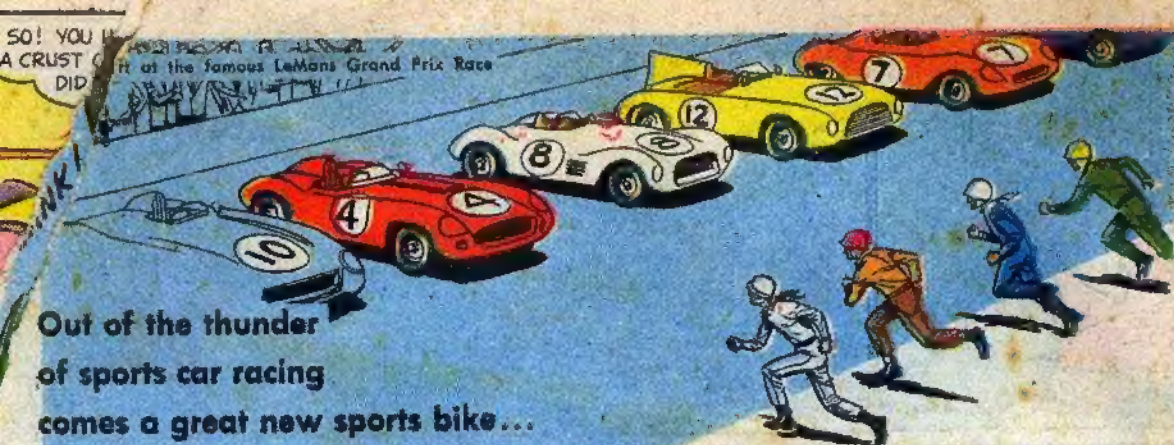






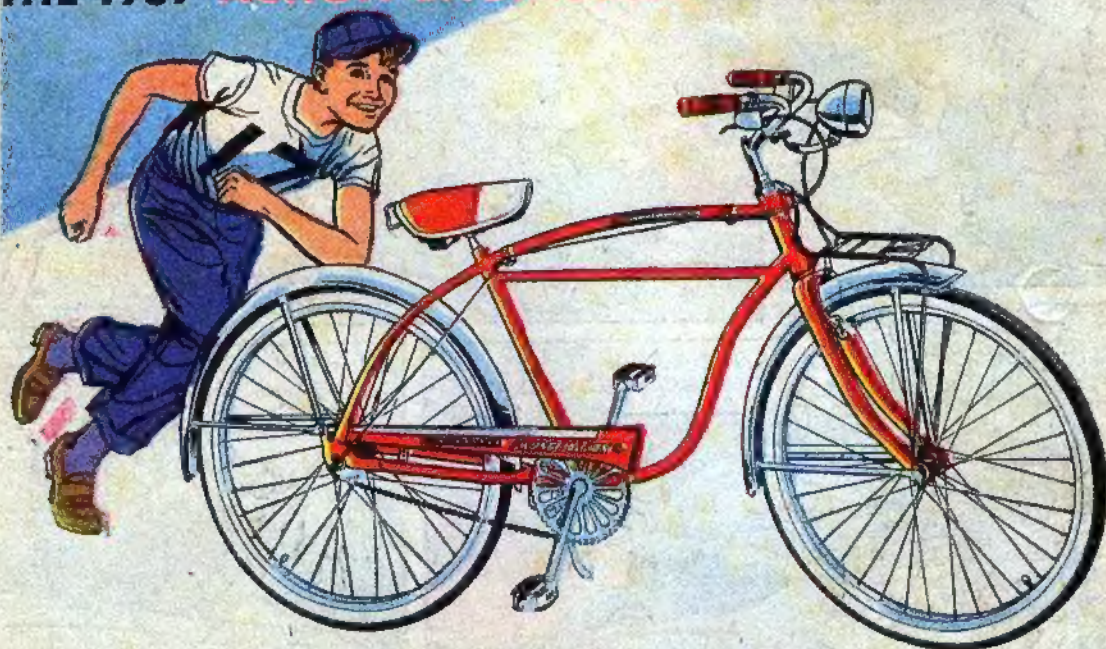
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

SO! YOU'VE
A CRUST OF
DID



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